# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. IV. No. 17. J. J. BURKE. EDITOR & PUBLISHER. Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Dec. 25, 1890. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Toys, Games, Books and Fine Candies, and every-thing you can thinkof for the little folks, at C. O. Foltz.

# JUST RECEIVED

A LARGE LINE OF

# HOLIDAY GOODS!

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

L. W. LEWIS, JEWELER,

ANTIOCH, - - - - ILLINOIS.

**T. F. WILLIAMS, M. D.**
**PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.**
DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN A SPECIALTY.
*Office two doors West of News office, up stairs,*
ANTIOCH, - - ILL.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE,
TIME TABLE.

| GOING NORTH. | GOING SOUTH. |
|---|---|
| No. 5, 5,07 P. M. | • No.2 4,58 A. M. |
| No. 7, 10,38 A. M. | No.6, 11,58 A. M |
| No. 9, 7,10 P. M. | No. 8, 6,47 P. M |
| • No. 1, 12.30 A. M. | No. 10, 7,35 A. M. |

TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark • Stop on signal.
During the Summer Season, all of the above trains, run daily betwee Chicago an Waukesha, except the Milk train. Nos. 9 and 10.
W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt.

## Antioch Home News.

A merry Christmas to all.

Take in the dance this, (Thursday) evening.

A number of cases of whooping cough are reported in this village.

Mr. C. B. Harrison and family have moved into their new house.

It is now fashionable for V. D. M's. to curl their hair with a curling iron.

A number of our citizens made a trip to Chicago on last Saturday.

Roy Williams came home from Evanston last week to spend the Holidays with his parents.

The ANTIOCH NEWS and the Chicago weekly *Inter Ocean* or *Journal* to new subscribers, one year for $1.80.

There will be a dance at Simons' hall this (Thursday) evening under the auspices of the Amateur Band. Tickets 50 cents.

The Merchants Ice Company will start filling their house within a few days if everything remains favorable.

The carpentesr put the finishing touches on the glass front of Williams Bros. new store during the past week.

The "old reliable" Hartford Insurance Co. again makes its patrons a present in the shape of a neat calander for '91.

The Ladies Aid Society presented the M. E. Church with two elegant silk plush chairs and one dozen choir chairs and a new carpet.

A fair sized crowd attended the play at Rogers hall on Friday evening last and had an enjoyable time. The play, though short, was quite interesting and well rendered.

The teachers meeting in this village on Sat. last brought out a fair sized crowd of teachers. As a general thing these meetings are pretty well attended and much satisfaction is expressed at the rapid strides many of our teachers are making in the interests of education.

IT is safe to assume that not one person in fifty is acquainted with the legal fact that any one who mails a letter ordering a lottery ticket, or sends a postal card relating in any way to a lottery is liable to imprisonment for eighteen months, or to be fined not exceeding $500, or both.—*Ex.*

# PHOTOGRAPHS,

*FIRSS-CLASS CABINETS*

**$2. PER DOZEN.**

BY NEW PROCESS. CALL ON

*HATCH & WHITE,*

ANTIOCH, - ILL.

OPEN SATURDAY'S.

Our scholars areout on vacation.

The Wis. Cent. has been doing a big freight business of late.

The people of Wilmot will give a dance this (Thursday) evening.

A number of the ice companies have started filling their ice houses.

The editor who can't sport seven or eight calanders for '91 is not in style.

Williams Bros. have had the gas fixtures put up in their new building during the present week.

There will be an oyster supper and Christmas Cantata given at the M. E. Church at Salem Christmas night Dec. 25. Everybody invited.

Don't forget the grand New Years ball at Rogers hall next Thursday evening, Jan. 1st. Music will be furnished by the Waukesha Orchestra. Tickets including supper, $1.50.

Our roads are in fair condition for this season of the year but we dont see why our weather prophets could not give us a good old fashioned Christmas, like those we used to get, with plenty of snow and all the cold weather that any reasonable man could ask for.

The four-in-hand coach seems to be gaining in favor. A line will very likely be established to run from the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, to Fort Sheridan during the coming season. Some day we may see a line of four-in-hands running from this place to Chicago.

Many a ragged child in the squalid tenements of our large cities will hang its stocking up this year, expecting a gift from Santa Claus, and will awake Christmas morning to find an empty stocking, and a life before it as full of misery and want as if there never had been a Christmas.

Another initiation at the Woodman Camp last Monday evening. This time Fred Rhymer took the "Grand Bumper degree" in Woodcraft, also a $1,000 benefit certificate in the M. W. A. and as a result he feels that his family is $1,000 better off than heretofore. The Woodmen in this locality are growing slowly but surely, and feel that the order is now on a solid basis.

Bro. Bradbury of the *Patriot* and "Uncle Sam's" mail carriers seem to be at variance with each other, as the *Patriot* sometimes does not reach its readers here until the Monday following the date of publication. The fault lies not with Sammey nor with the baby, as is insinuated by one of his correspondents, but rather with those pesky mail carriers of ours. Those fellows have caused us to shed more briny tears of disappointment than would fill a gallon jug.

The Amateur Band has lately reorganized.

Turkeys wear a dejected look now-a-days.

Willie Hucker is attending school at Rockefeller.

Wm. Evans, of Trevor, was in this village on Saturday last.

Quite a number of fish have been caught in our lakes since the ice formed.

Messrs James & Son will fit up their old furniture store for living rooms and rent it.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Wilton gave their young friends a party on last Saturday evening.

The members ot the M. E. Church will commence holding revival meetings shortly after the holidays.

C. O. Foltz has had a genuine Christmas tree set up and hung with toys, in his store for the past few days.

Many of our farmers still continue shipping their milk to Chicago as they think it pays better than making butter.

The Merchants Ice Company received a short time ago a number of long timbers, for their building, that cost them $150 apiece.

That ancient saying, "a green Christmas etc" is now being handed around. It contains about as much veracity as the ordinary weather report.

If your kind friends have presented you with a nigger doll or some other valuable present ere this dont get wrathy, but wait until next year and get satisfaction.

Messrs C. B. Harrison & Son are now ready to grind feed in good shape and at reasonable figures. Their mill is located in the building formerly used by W. B. Rogers as a cider mill.

Our merchants have had no cause for complaint during the past few weeks. The volume of business is steadily increasing here, a fact which our tradesmen are not slow to comprehend.

We can save you money on your subscription to any of the magazines published in the U. S, or Canada, by means of our clubing rates. Don't forget this when you are about to renew your subscription.

The next regular meeting of Lotus Camp M. W. A. will be held Monday evening Jan. 5th. Be on hand promptly at 7:30 o'clock as the new officers propose to call the Camp to order promptly at 7:30.

The best Christmas present you could make a friend, in the newspaper line, would be a years subscription to the NEWS. It will only cost you $1.00 and will be of more actual value than any other present you could secure at twice that price.

Mr. W. S. Westlake received word on Monday last of the safe arrival of the Cunard steamship, Aurania, at Queenstown Dec. 20th. Mr. John Elsberry took passage on this vessel and his many friends here will be glad to learn of his safe arrival at the above port.

The following are the officers of Lotus Camp M. W. A. elected Monday evening: E. H. Ames, V. C.; Henry Willett, Adviser; J. J. Burke, Banker; Henry Grimm, Escort; Fred Rhymer, Watchman; C. E. Herman, Sentry; J. C. James Jr., Clerk; J. J. Burke, Business Manager.

I wish to express my sincere thanks to the many friends throughout the country who have so generously contributed both time and money towards the raising of a fund for my benefit. For their noble gift and many kind words of sympathy I shall ever remain grateful.
Wm. Evans.

OUR enerjetic U. S. Senator, C. B Farwell, has conceived the idea of producing rainfall by artificial means. He is of the opinion that heavy charges of dynamite exploded continuously for seven or eight hours would produce the desired result and has induced the government to appropriate $2,000 to be used in experimenting with the explosive.

Wisconsin Central Time Table.
Trains arrive at and depart from Trevor, as follows:

| NORTH. | SOUTH. |
|---|---|
| No. 1....†12:45 a. m. | No. 2 ....• 4:32 a. m. |
| No. 3....†6:30 P. M. | No. 4.... †8:03 a. m. |
| No. 5.... 5:14 P. M. | No. 6....•11:53 a. m. |
| No. 7.... 10:43 a. m. | No. 8 .... 6:36 P. M. |
| No. 9.... 7:20 P. M. | No. 10 .... 7:26 a. m. |

• Trains stop on signal only.
† Trains do not stop for passengers.
Train No. 1, makes regular stops, for passengers to get off at Trevor Saturday nights.
Through tickets furnished at lowest rates.
For further information enquire of Agent.
GEORGE SHAVER, Agent.

## TREVOR, WIS.

Christmas comes but once a year.

S. M. Stewart paid the city of Kenosha a visit last Saturday.

Mr. John Terpening took in Chicago last Saturday and Sunday.

There is quite a lot of cattle in the yards, also several cars of horses.

A few of our young folks attended the play at Antioch on last Friday evening.

A whole train load of potatoes went through Trevor last Sunday for Chicago.

The bridge across Fox River will be completed by Christmas if nothing happens. It is being built by Capt. Ballard the boss bridge builder.

Mr. Howard of Chicago was at the Cleveland Hotel of Trevor last Friday to see his mother who is stopping with J. V. Barhyte, the genial proprietor.

Mr. Ward Benedict of Dakota, who was called to attend the funeral of his sister Mrs. Knox, is visiting his old neighbors around Trevor and Wilmot.

There were a good many cars of sheep shipped to Chicago last week and they brought good prices. Herbert Robbins shipped 2 cars which brought $4.30. Some of the lambs brought $5.80 per hundred.

Mr. Gilbert is building a large three story hotel at the north end of Channel Lake which will accommodate a large number of guests. The beach is as fine as any on the lake. Mr. Carman has sold nearly all his lake front at good prices.

## GRASS LAKE.

A merry Christmas to you all.

Mrs. Geo. Huber is at present some better.

Mr. Wm. Ramaker got kicked quite badly by a horse one day last week.

Irva Paddock started Tuesday for a visit with his mother's relatives in New York.

Mrs. John Effinger has been quite sick during the past week, but at last report was much better.

Mr. Frank Ramaker and family arrived at Antioch Tuesday and will spend the Holidays and part of the winter with his people here.

Mail carrier Loof has begun to move his grain over to his place near "Lake Side" on the South side of Fox Lake. He will move with his family some time in March.

Chicken pox or something similar seems to be prevalent in Grass Lake. Two of the Nortons, two of the Kings, Rena Blunt and Linabelle and Nettie Little are on the sick list with it.

Mrs. Wm Soules' sister, Mrs. Winslow, and her family left for Kenosha on Thursday last where they will visit with relatives for a while before returning to their home in Michigan.

Mr. Zimmermann, our willow weaver, was seen going out of this neighborhood this week with a load of nice baskets. If you want a fine clothes basket, or any other kind of a basket, give him a call.

## DIED.

At Pikeville, December 12th 1890, Peter Smith, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith. Peter was loved by all; was a favorite among his school-mates, and will long be remembered by all who knew him.

His toils are past, his work is done,
And he is fully blest.
He fought the fight, the victory won
And entered into rest.
Then let our sorrow cease to flow,
God has recalled His own;
And let our hearts, in every woe
Still say — "Thy will be done."

## MILLBURN.

Mrs. James Bounce is getting better.

See the little cherubs at the entertainment!

Mrs. Jamieson went to Chicago this week.

Johnnie Jamieson is expected home next week.

Miss Bruce has returned to her home in Lockport.

Miss Lucy Mason is expected home for the holidays.

W. G. Thom was seen driving his fine Judge Hayes colt the other day.

Mr. Richard Trotter is going to Chicago to work in a commission house.

The parsonage has been improved both within and without during the past week.

The Messrs W. and G. Mason spend a part of the holidays with their grandparents.

Mr. Sumner Spafford sold his race horse, Lady Prince, to Mr. E. C. Sabin last week.

There is to be a Musical and Literary Entertainment in the Millburn Church on Tuesday evening the 30th.

X. Y. Z.

## SILVER LAKE NEWS.

Mrs. Fred Schenning Sr. is quite sick.

F. H. Schenning took a trip to Chicago Tuesday.

Dance at Peter Nelsons last Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Tesch took a trip to McHenry Monday.

There will be a dance at New Munster New Years night.

Johnnie Dugan came home to attend his mothers funeral.

Mr. Chris Enzenbacher of Chicago was at the lake Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Watkins called on his uncle, D. Prosser, Sunday.

George Reed of St. Charles is visiting his aunt Mrs. B. D. Dunning.

Fred Dunning who has been attending school at St. Charles is home for the holidays.

F. H. Schenning, B. D. Dunning and H. G. Smith attended Professor Schermerhorns horse training school at Bassetts Station last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Schenning and family went to McHenry Wednesday to be present at the wedding of Miss Augusta Nichols to Mr. Charley Werit.

## HE KILLED THE MULE.

### How an Irish-Indian Got Ahead of Governor Bushyhead.

Bushyhead, one of the members of the Cherokee commission, is in Washington, and many a one, says the New York Tribune, passes the Indian chief without knowing he is an Indian. He is tall, brown of skin, but has the features of the Caucasian race, and it is said that he is not more than one-eighth Indian.

He married some years ago a niece of Senator Butler, of South Carolina, who had gone out to Tahlequah as a teacher. A good story is told of him when he was Governor of the Cherokee Nation. The Cherokees are the most civilized of all the Indian tribes and one of their laws is in favor of prohibition. The law of the United States is that no one shall give or sell fire-water to an Indian, but the Cherokee legislators go further and prohibit the bringing of it into the Territory.

In Tahlequah, when Bushyhead was Governor, there was an Irish blacksmith named Mike Delaney. Now, Mike had been received into the tribe because he had married a squaw, and, strange as it may seem, was more an Indian than any native. He used to orate by the hour over his forge at the wrongs of the red men, and one of his favorite perorations was:

"We have been pairsecuted by the white man, dhriven from our homes in Georgia over mountains an' valleys, an' our noble inheritance stholen away from us."

Mike frequently delivered himself of this and the more fire-water he had in him the more flannel-mouthed and un-Indian was his brogue. He and Bushyhead were great friends, and one day when the Governor was at the court-house presiding over the meeting of the Legislature the squaw-man appeared and beckoned imperiously.

"Come here," he whispered, "Oi've something to tell you. There's a dead mule in town." A "dead mule" is Western slang for a keg of whisky.

"Give me a dollar," continued Mike, "an' I'll buy a bottle an' keep it in the shop until yez can be afturr comin' to dhrink it."

The Governor gave the money and, half an hour later, deputizing some one to take his place, he made his way to the forge. From afar off he heard the inspiring strains of the "Irish Washerman," and as he drew near he recognized the oft-repeated refrain, "Och, hone, Widow Machree, och hone, Widow Machree," the melody stoutly maintained by an anvil chorus. Rushing in, he was confronted by the hilarious blacksmith, whom he at once asked for his share of the "dead mule."

"Be aisy, Guvner," cried the Irish-Indian, "there's only two heels left, an' I'll drink that, as the law's agin' givin' an Indian whisky."

And he swallowed the rest, the Governor of the Cherokee Nation not daring to prevent him.

## POTATOS FOR SALE.

I have a quantity of eating potatos for sale at 90 cents per bushel. T. C. Udell, Antioch Ills.

Many years practice has given Messrs C. A. Snow & Co., Patent Solicitors, opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington D. C. unsurpassed facilities for obtaining patents. They give the same courteous attention to a request for information from a stranger that they do to their clients business, which accounts for much of their success.

**Spend the Holidays with your Fr[illegible]**

On December 24th, 25th and [illegible] and January 1st 1891 the Wiscons[illegible] ral Lines will sell Round Trip [illegible] Tickets to all points on its lines [illegible] radius of 200 miles, at rate of one [illegible] one third fare. Tickets will be [illegible] return passage until January 5th [illegible] ive. For tickets and other infor[illegible] apply to agentsof the line.

BLACKSMITH WANTED.
Single Man Preferred.

WANTED a good horse-shoer [illegible] country work, as assistant in s[illegible] None but a steady sober man [illegible] apply. To the right party a [illegible] steady position may be had by [illegible] plying to J. E. Di[illegible] Lake Co., Ills.

NOTICE!

Watches! Watches!

All that are lovers of good and reliable time keepers, watches and clocks, can buy of me for spot cash, at wholesale prices. All I ask is 6 per-cent. over whole-sale list price. You will get from 40 to 50 per-cent discount, which will reduce your time pieces from $20 to $10. Please call and I will show you the net prices.
T. C. Richardson,
Antioch, Ill.

## FOR RENT:

A good store with dwelling rooms overhead. For particulars call on or address: H. Thucker, Lake Villa, Ill.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

Miss Ida Laycock, a teacher, was stabbed four times by Bert Meyers, one of her pupils, at Longmont, Col. The wounds will prove fatal.

The entire family of Charles Bond, living near Clarksburg, W. V., are expected to die from poison placed in their coffee by a colored servant. She has confessed.

Charles T. Armijo, the wealthiest resident of Albuquerque, N. M., committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart. He had been failing mentally and physically for some time.

Jeremiah Woodruff, of Derby, Conn., was strangled to death by a piece of orange lodging in his throat. He leaves an estate valued at $100,000.

Bert Cadwallader shot and killed Jasper Lazure in the latter's saloon at Manchester, O., and fled, pursued by a hundred men, some of whom fired at him whenever within range. Finding he could not escape Cadwallader shot and killed himself.

John Gamble, living near Higginsville, Mo., was called to his door by a stranger who asked Gamble to direct him to the house of a friend in the neighborhood. As Mr. Gamble turned to direct the stranger the latter shot him in the back and then escaped. No reason is known for the attempted assassination.

At Cordova, in the Argentine Republic, the canal burst its embankments and destroyed hundreds of houses. One hundred lives are reported to be lost.

A Lake Shore express, while running at a fifty-mile rate near Nottingham, Pa., caught Farmer August Kirkhogel with a load of hay on the crossing. Kirkhogel was accompanied by his son William, a lad of 13. Both were struck by the pilot and crushed to death. The horses were also killed.

James Perrin, of Floyd County, Iowa, was arrested and fined $50 for whipping his adopted child with a horsewhip. He cut off a piece of the boy's nose.

At Sioux Falls, S. D., the dead body of a chimney sweep known as Frank Traverse was found in the river.

Lemuel Allen was convicted of an assault on a 16-year old girl at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Thomas Plummer, a farmer living near Wichita, Kas., committed suicide by jumping in front of rapidly-moving passenger-train.

Theodore Mau was instantly killed in Denver, Col. He had stopped to an elevator door for the purpose of descending. He put his head through the framework and just as he did so the cage descended, catching the unfortunate man's head. The whole top of it was crushed.

The deaths resulting from the powder explosion at Taiping, China, were more than at first estimated, as 800 coffins were taken out of the city and yet there were not enough to bury all the dead. A Chinaman lighting a pipe while repairing the roof caused the catastrophe.

Jack, who is a hair-cutter, though not a barber, has swooped down on Chicago. He invaded the home of pretty Mrs. Stomer, on North Lincoln street, and after a fierce fight choked her into unconsciousness and stripped her of her splendid brown hair.

Frank Robinson, a merchant at Hazelton, Kas., was murdered while out hunting.

La-la-ce, Pierre Paul, Antly, and Pascale, four murderers, were hanged in the court-house at Missoula, Mont.

Frederick Boehm, one of Johann Most's followers, shot and killed himself in New York. He left a letter denouncing the existing social system.

The dead bodies of Frank M. Harris, freight-train conductor, and Harry Edwards, freight-train brakeman, were found between the tracks at Montrose Station, N. Y. The men probably fell from a passing train, or were knocked from it.

Twelve prisoners escaped from the jail at Olympia, Wash., by overpowering the jailer and taking his keys.

Mrs. Washington Anderson, the last living representative of the family of President George Washington, died at Red Cloud, Minn., and was buried at Dubuque, Ia. She was over ninety years old.

The roof in the old Portage tunnel, near Altoona, Pa., caved in, burying several Italians, taking a leg off a negro, and severely injuring a number of others.

At East Tawas, Mich., a human skull was found in the wreck of the burned steam-barge Sea Gull. It is supposed to be that of Mary Conners, the stewardess.

Mr. George T. Munds, of Oxford, O., was fatally kicked by a horse.

The dead body of Detective James Hutton was found in Jefferson Square, San Francisco. On the back of the head was a bloody gash.

The store of M. Oppenheim at Dowagiac, Mich. [illegible] robbed of goods valued at $400.

[illegible] O. Vincent, of Fresno, Cal., was [illegible] the residence of his wife, from [illegible] had been separated for some time. [illegible] he entered the house three [illegible] ard by the neighbors, who [illegible] found Mrs. Vincent dead. [illegible] was arrested but soon fell into [illegible] having apparently taken

[illegible] k on the Louisville and [illegible] ar Memphis Junction, [illegible] amed West was killed [illegible] eman fatally injured. [illegible] sed by a misinterpre-

[illegible] ico Antonio Guerrero, [illegible] he Jack the Ripper of [illegible] guilty. He was con- [illegible] ders and sentenced to

[illegible] entered the Chicago [illegible] e at Kemp, O., and, [illegible] nt, William Scherbor- [illegible] ers, went through the [illegible] 300. After compelling [illegible] tch and money they

[illegible] Ga., destroyed the [illegible] and Murphy's brick [illegible] Loss, $80,000; partly [illegible] Master jumped from a [illegible] window, fracturing his leg.

[illegible] nah Nelson of Chicago drank a [illegible] rbolic acid and died in a short

[illegible] laborer named Hass, working for E. J. [illegible] rmory on street contracts, at Duluth, called at the latter's office and demanded his wages. He was told he had been paid all that was coming to him. Then he pulled out a revolver and fired two shots at Mr. Armory, one of which took effect in the arm. He then turned the revolver upon himself, shooting himself in the head fatally.

Arthur Hoyt Day, who murdered his wife by pushing her over a cliff at Niagara Falls in July last, was hanged at Welland, Ont. He walked to the scaffold firmly and with a smile on his face. His death was easy.

William Robinson, a miner, was found dead on the dump of the Clifton mine, near Lundy, Cal. Robinson's partner, Jacob Weaver, is thought to be dead inside the tunnel. The cause of their deaths is believed to have been the premature explosion of giant gunpowder.

In a saloon brawl at Sioux City, Ia., over a 25-cent finger-ring John Erickson fatally stabbed James Shannon, slashing him frightfully in the abdomen.

Two young women whose names are not known, were instantly killed on the Fitchburg railroad at Somerville, Mass. They were waiting for a freight train to pass and did not hear an approaching passenger train on the track upon which they stood. Their bodies were terribly mangled, the head of one being entirely severed.

Joseph Slanec, a Bohemian boy 14 years old, was struck by a train and instantly killed in Chicago. His companion, John Kolouzne, 16 years old, who was also struck, escaped with a broken leg and some painful bruises.

Near Brandenburg, Ky., Mrs. Jessie Higbee was taken in custody for poisoning her four children.

James H. Stevenson stepped from a train at Fitler's Station, Pa., and was struck and killed by a train.

Two men were executed in Columbus, O., Elmer Starkey, who killed his mother, and Henry Popp, who killed Morris G. Rether, a saloonkeeper at Canton, O.

Three little girls broke through the ice into the river at Aurora, Ill., and two were drowned. They were sisters, daughters of Mrs. Kate Melchert.

A genuine robbers' cave was discovered at South Haven, Mich., in which a quantity of goods stolen at the time of the disastrous fire in that place was found.

Bob Anderson, a deputy sheriff, was killed by E. L. Smith, a planter, near Arcola, Miss. The difficulty grew out of a bill for costs of court.

Frank Vinson killed a man named Agent at Haddock, Ky. He knocked him down with a stone and then brained him with an ax.

John Henry Orrick was found guilty of the murder of Hiram Aintiss at Gads Hill, Mo., July 18, 1888, and was sentenced to be hanged Friday, February 27, 1891.

At Burlington, Ia., John Ackman, 74 years of age, a citizen of Columbus, O., fell down an elevator shaft. He died of his injuries.

Wilbur Flynn, who has been on trial at Kalamazoo on charge of assaulting Lizzie Schrader, was convicted.

Petroleum has been struck in an artesian well at Chinook, Mont., at a depth of 815 feet and is flowing in considerable quantity.

Just after the adjournment of the trial at Athens, O., of Eli Foster, charged with murdering saloonkeeper Bottomly, another tragedy occurred. Lew Davis, while drunk, was determined to fight in John S. Rose's saloon. Rose struck Davis a blow above the eye, which proved fatal. Rose was arrested.

At St. Paul Miss Tracy Baumgartner obtained a verdict of $5,000 against John Graham, now living at Ottumwa, Ia., for defamation of character.

Henry Gebhardt, a buyer for a St. Louis commission house, was sent to St. Paul with $2,020 to purchase potatoes late in November. He has not been seen since.

Charley Gillard, county commissioner, was waylaid and killed at Bastrop, Tex. It is reported that he made a dying statement which implicated several white men in the neighborhood. Gillard was a colored man and defeated J. S. Shooner, a white man, at the last election.

Henry Hulpa, of Calumet, Mich., was killed by falling down a shaft 100 feet deep.

At Carey, O., two oil-well drillers—Henry Wilson and Charles Henderson—were fatally burned. When they struck oil the fluid forced out by a rush of gas spurted all over them.

J. E. Phelan shot and instantly killed his wife at Cardiff, Col. He barricaded himself in the house after the shooting and defied the authorities. An engine was sent to Glenwood Springs and the sheriff brought to Cardiff. The sheriff and crowd closed in upon the house and captured Phelan.

Seven Alpine chasseurs who were working at the new fortress on the summit of Mount Sachard, Switzerland, were swept, with their superior, by a sudden blast over a precipice. Six of the men fell a distance of 2,500 feet and were dashed to pieces. The others managed to cling to some rocks and escaped death.

Ed L. Bradbury, of Sioux City, Ia., president of the Importers and Breeders' Live Stock Insurance Co., was arrested on a charge of having obtained $2,000 upon false pretenses from the widow of Conductor M. Lewis, of Minneapolis.

John Harden was arrested at Cedar Rapids, Ia., after robbing a hen roost. In his pockets a set of burglars' tools and a revolver were found. He answers exactly the description of "Jack the Hugger," who created such a sensation by embracing a number of ladies recently.

Three priests, while crossing a frozen lake near Grenoble, France, broke through the ice and were drowned.

The entire business part of the town of Orrick, Mo., was burned, including the Frigg hotel, Ross' drug store, Street's drug store, Hoffman's general store, and one or two other buildings. Loss, $30,000; little insurance.

In New Orleans about twenty small houses on the square bounded by Melpomene, Terpsichore, Basin and Franklin streets, were burned.

An aged couple by the name of Higgins were frozen to death near Charlottetown, P. E. I.

The steamer Ohio, of the Memphis and Cincinnati Line, sunk at a point 130 miles above Memphis.

Mrs. Seneca Fell and her grandchild, Olive Torrence, were suffocated by coal gas at Philadelphia, Pa.

Workmen employed at Johnstown, Pa., unearthed the skeletons of three Indians. The place was formerly the burying ground of an Indian tribe—about 1780.

John Zimbleman, a worthy resident of Boonsboro, Ia., committed suicide by shooting himself through the head.

At St. Helens, Ore., burglars blew open the safe of Muckle Bros.' store and secured $2,000 in coin and $17,000 in notes.

William Grady who was to have been tried on the charge of manslaughter in Chicago has committed suicide.

Scott McDaniel, the leader of the train robbers who held up a passenger train near Texarkana, and was subsequently arrested, tried, found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment and escaped by sawing out of his cell, was recaptured at Columbus, Tex.

The extensive brickmaking plant of Ferguson and Denison at Benton Harbor, Mich., was completely destroyed by fire. The loss exceeds $5,000; no insurance.

John Mulhall Jr., a young Morrisania (N. Y.) lawyer, shot himself in the head. He was despondent from financial troubles.

Joseph Brecken, of St. Paul, was run over by a street car and killed.

## A HEATER EXPLODED.

### MANY PERSONS BADLY SCALDED IN A RAILWAY CAR.

Rush for Free Land—To Avenge Sitting Bull's Death—Other Telegrams Suitably Condensed.

#### Explosion in a Railroad Car.

As train No. 6, west-bound, on the Grand Trunk Railway was entering Battle Creek, Mich., at three o'clock in the morning, the heater in the first-class coach exploded with a tremendous report, filling the car with burning coals, steam and gas. The passengers, who were dosing or sleeping in their chairs, received the full force of the awful discharge. They woke to find the seats, the woodwork, and their own baggage smoldering or already in flames. The windows of the car were all shattered by the explosion, and through two of these ragged apertures two male passengers, crazy with fright, jumped without hesitation from the rapidly moving train. They marvelously escaped injury. Those who remained behind were less fortunate, the following of their number receiving various severe injuries: A. C. Fowler, Chicago, arm cut and wrist injured; Nicholas Fritz, Jersey City, and family; all slightly injured; William D. Isaac, Somerset, England, and family; all injured, two of the children seriously; small child (name unknown), badly scalded on neck and breast; mother with infant (names unknown), badly scalded on neck and breast; man and wife (names unknown), feet badly burned.

The rude awakening of the passengers was attended by scenes thrilling and pathetic. The unknown mother with her babe sat near enough to the heater to receive the worst effects of the explosion. Her arm and her babe's person and clothing were fairly covered with live coals. The mother, careless of her own injuries, enveloped the screaming child in a shawl, saving its life, but receiving at the same time the most painful burns on her arm, neck and breast.

#### Rush for Free Land.

The land office at Wausau, Wis., opened promptly at 9 o'clock in the morning. In consequence of the recent act of Congress which opens a quantity of land in Northern Wisconsin to settlers, it was found necessary to call out the Light Guard on the previous evening, and at 1:40 o'clock in the morning the soldiers marched to the court-house and began patrolling the grounds of the public square.

The first-comers received many valuable claims. Forty-three applications were filed up to noon.

Miss Mamie Richardson, daughter of Gen. Richardson, of Chippewa Falls, fought heroically, and when she reached the desk her hat was gone and her hair disheveled, but she got a tract worth $5,000. Another lady in the rush was Miss Jones of Hayward. Two men fainted and were laid out. The rush is still in progress.

The outgoing trains carried away hundreds of people, many of whom, daunted by the long line in which they could only get positions at the end, left without putting in a claim.

#### Accident in Nova Scotia.

Five men were drowned at Halifax by the collapse of a wharf and five others are believed to have met the same fate. While a large gang of men were unloading a steamer's cargo of coal at the Cunard company's wharf the structure suddenly collapsed. Eight men were in one part of the shed trimming the coal and every one of these was precipitated into the icy water. Others were wheeling barrows, and at least five of these were also dropped into the water with the coal. Three men who were trimming the sides of the hill felt it sinking in time to make a dash for safety and reached it by clasping poles and beams, where they hung until rescued. It is not known exactly how many men are buried under the coal in the water. Some estimates place the number as high as twelve. The three men who were saved say they saw five men go down amid the coal and debris. The names of only five of the lost can be ascertained. They are: Henry Wise, colored; James Brown, colored; Nick Baldwin, colored; Joseph Kelly, Michael Power.

About eighty tons of coal are supposed to be on top of the unfortunates.

#### To Avenge Sitting Bull's Death.

Over 100 well-armed bucks from Sitting Bull's camp arrived at Cherry Creek, S. D., en route for the Bad Lands, and stopped and held a war council with 260 uneasy Indians who had congregated near the town; and suddenly the council broke up, the whole band having decided to avenge Bull's death. About this time Narcisse Narcelle, a halfbreed, notified the settlers of Cheyenne City of the situation. A storekeeper from there says that twenty shots were fired by Indian police and hostiles near there and is confident a battle took place, but can give no further particulars, as he abandoned his goods and fled, with all the settlers, in the dark, accompanied by several friendly Indian families.

#### Sensational Suicide at Hot Springs.

Mrs. Minnie Bell committed suicide at Hot Springs, Ark., by taking morphine. She was about 23 years of age, tall and handsome. Mrs. Bell had just returned from Nashville, Tenn., whither, it is intimated, she had gone or had been carried on a secret mission. Mr. Lee Kirkpatrick in an interview said: "She was murdered—murdered. She was ruined by a prominent citizen—a high official of Garland county. She left a note written to him and I have a lot of letters from him to her, but I do not wish to make them public as yet. No, I will not give his name, but there can be no doubt of what I say. She separated from her husband last summer."

Sheriff R. A. Williams is supposed to be the man in the case.

#### Hideous Judge Lynch.

There was another lynching at Roebuck Miss., as a sequel to the Aron murder. One Moses Lemon, colored, became indignant at the lynching of Dennis Martin for the killing of Gus Aron and it was learned that he was circulating among the negroes trying to get up a mob and go to Aron's store, murder the clerks, and fire the building. The people of the neighborhood, both white and black, formed themselves into an organization and swung Lemon from a tree.

#### Killed for Slandering a Woman?

John Irvine, a ranchman living near Salida, Col., on the Arkansas river, seems to have had a mania for slandering the women living around him, his latest freak being to accuse one of his neighbor's daughters with improper intimacy with a negro that has lived in their family a number of years. As the young lady in question is one of the most respected the neighbors became greatly worked up. A dozen ranchmen called upon Irvine for the purpose of making him retract some of his statements. Irvine was in the act of signing a paper making full denial when some one unknown fired a shot through the window, instantly killing Irvine, the ball passing through his heart.

#### He Is a Gentle Savage Now.

Sitting Bull, the Sioux Chief, was shot and killed at his camp forty miles northwest of Standing Rock Agency, N. D., by the Indian police while resisting arrest.

Seven other Indians, including Sitting Bull's son, Crow Foot, Black Bear, and Catch Bird, were slain. Five of the Indian police were killed.

Four or five days ago it was decided by the War Department that Sitting Bull should be arrested. Indian Agent McLaughlin sent the chief an order to come into the agency. He refused, and the Indian police were sent out to his camp and instructed to bring him in.

The plan was for the police to proceed to Bull's camp on Grand River, followed closely by a troop of cavalry and a detachment of infantry in the rear of the cavalry.

Bull had been told of the coming of the Indian police and he and his immediate followers were fully armed with Winchesters, scalping knives, revolvers and clubs. The Indian police did not get an opportunity to demand the old medicine man's surrender, but firing began from the Indian tepees immediately upon the appearance of the officers, and three of the latter were killed outright and two wounded so seriously that they died before they could be moved, and three others slightly. The police then opened fire upon the savages, at the same time dispatching couriers to the rear to bring up the cavalry. Sitting Bull started to run up the river and was captured, but his followers made a desperate effort to rescue him, and he was shot twice, once in the left shoulder and again in the region of the heart. The body of Sitting Bull was secured by the cavalry, and is being brought to Fort Yates. A party of reds, estimated at 100, escaped up the Grand river.

#### Plunged Through a Trestle.

A terrible disaster occurred at Bolivar, O., on the Wheeling and Lake Erie railroad, only two of the fourteen occupants of the rear car of the south-bound mail-train escaping serious injury. The train, composed of two coaches and a baggage-car, was approaching Bolivar. About a mile north of town the front truck of the last car left the track just as the engine started across a long trestle, thirty-five feet from the ground. Almost before the fact that anything was wrong could be known the locomotive was dashing across the bridge, the rear car bounding along on the ties. When fairly on the bridge it swung around and toppled over, falling to the ground bottom upward. The coupling connecting this car with the remainder of the train snapped like a thread and the air-brake thus suddenly put on sent the people in the forward coach flying against the seats. The scene in the ravine is described by those who saw it as something frightful.

The killed are: Unknown woman, crushed beyond recognition; Miss Ada Hall of Sherodsville, badly mangled; Henry Hill and Carrie, his sister, both of Shelby, Ill., burned to a crisp. The injured are: W. G. Graham of Norwalk, crushed and back broken, will die; Charles Conrad, Massillon, Ohio, internally injured, probably fatally; Conductor Fred Landis, seriously; Leonard Whitman, Marietta, leg broken; Mrs. Louisa Piper of Stark county, Ohio, internally; Ira Cowan of Norwalk, badly bruised; William Gorlinger of Ada, Ohio; William Hall of Sherodsville, back injured.

#### How Sitting Bull Died.

It was agreed at a consultation that the troops should move up to within two or three miles of the Indian camp and station themselves where they could be easily signaled. The Indian police then moved quietly down to the tepees and proceeded immediately to that of Sitting Bull, arriving there just at dawn.

The camp was already astir. At least 100 of the savages were stripped and in battle array. The police were surrounded by a jabbering, threatening band of reds.

After talking with the old medicine man a few minutes the police suddenly formed a cordon around Bull, gave a signal to the troops, leveled their Winchesters at the savages, and started on a run. They succeeded in getting him on a horse and moved off toward the cavalry. The Sioux, with a hideous yell charged. Three of the police fell dead and several others were so badly wounded that they have since died.

About this time a detachment of cavalry rode up at a gallop and opened a furious fusillade upon the charging savages, who were immediately stampeded and ran westward.

Sitting Bull fell at the first volley, the shot having been fired by one of the police.

There are already evidences that the killing of Sitting Bull is likely to settle the war without further bloodshed. Large numbers of Indians are coming into the agency, offering their services to bring in the fleeing hostiles. The acknowledged leaders of the Sioux—Chief Gall and John Grass—stand firmly by the government and express no regret at the taking off of Sitting Bull.

#### Dashed to Death.

The Halifax express on the International Railway was wrecked near St. Joseph, Que., and five persons were killed. The train, while running at a high rate of speed, was derailed and the second-class passenger car was hurled against the abutment of a bridge, smashing the coach and burying the passengers in the ruins. The other cars rolled down the embankment. Many of those on board were more or less injured and the following were killed: John Droune, M. Gauvin, Aug. Blais, Frone Leclaire, L. Winner, news agent.

Conductor Walker was badly bruised, one passenger had both legs broken, his injuries being fatal; another man suffered a slight fracture of the skull and several others were hurt severely.

#### Derailed by a Snowdrift.

A wreck occurred on the Valley Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The southbound train, drawn by three engines, ran into a snowdrift and was derailed. Two engines were thrown from the track and demolished, while the third was thrown across the track. Six persons, all railway employes, were injured. The passengers escaped with a shaking up. The names of the injured men, as far as learned, are: W. W. Kronk, conductor, badly scalded; Jenkins, engineer, scalded; Young, engineer, badly scalded; Donovan, engineer, scalded and hip broken; two firemen, names not learned, also scalded.

#### Shot By an Enraged Husband.

G. W. Simmons, an undertaker at Argentine, Kas., was shot and perhaps fatally wounded by James Neil, a railway engineer, at Neil's home in Argentine shortly after 9 o'clock at night. Neil returned home at that hour and finding Simmons in the house opened fire on him. One bullet struck Simmons in the right breast and produced a fatal wound. Neil is a switch engineer with night duty. He returned home unexpectedly, he says, and found Simmons in his wife's room.

Charles E. Laylor, a prominent citizen of Frankfort, Kas., committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart.

## CONGRESSIONAL NEWS

### Doings at the Capitol and Washington Items in General.

After a long debate the House passed the Apportionment bill without amendment. Yeas, 187; nays, 82. The bill gives Congressmen to the different States as follows: Alabama, 9; Arkansas, 6; California, 7; Colorado, 2; Connecticut, 4; Delaware, 1; Florida, 2; Georgia, 11; Idaho, 1; Illinois, 22; Montana, 1; Nebraska, 6; Nevada, 1; New Hampshire, 2; New Jersey, 8; New York, 34; North Carolina, 9; North Dakota, 1; Ohio, 21; Oregon, 2; Indiana, 13; Iowa, 11; Kansas, 8; Kentucky, 11; Louisiana, 6; Maine, 4; Maryland, 6; Massachusetts, 13; Michigan, 12; Minnesota, 7; Mississippi, 7; Missouri, 15; Pennsylvania, 30; Rhode Island, 2; South Carolina, 7; South Dakota, 2; Tennessee, 10; Texas, 13; Vermont, 2; Virginia, 10; Washington, 2; West Virginia, 4; Wisconsin, 10; Wyoming, 1.

The following bills were passed by the senate: Senate bill appropriating $100,000 for a public building at Danville, Ill. Senate bill for the relief of the First National Bank of Newton, Mass., allowing interest at 4 1-2 per cent on a judgment against the United States for $371,000 from March, 1867, to the time of payment. House bills for public buildings at Rome, Ga., $50,000; Reidsville, N. C., $25,000; South Bend, Ind., $75,000, and Bloomington, Ill., $75,000—being an amendment reducing the amount from $100,000.

The President sent to the senate the following nominations: The Rev. Edward J. Vattman of Ohio and the Rev. Cephas O. Bateman of Oregon to be Post Chaplains in the army; A. T. Brinsmade, attorney for the northern district of Ohio; F. W. Collins marshal for the southern district of Mississippi; M. P. J. Kennard assistant treasurer at Boston. Postmasters—S. R. Henry, Elmwood, Ill.; Robert Robinson, El Paso, Ill.; G. E. Reed, River Falls, Wis.; W. J. Mallman, Sheboygan, Wis.; M. S. Russell, Tuskegee, Ala.; M. D. Todd, Cynthiana, Ky.; J. J. Irvine, Bardstown, Ky.; J. M. Thompson, Sauk Centre, Minn.; G. W. Darling, Wellston, Ohio; C. H. Kimball, Medina, Ohio.

Senator Sherman, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a bill providing that the McKinley Tariff act shall not be held to impede or impair the force of any treaty between the United States and any other government. It was placed on the calendar.

In regard to the World's Fair Representative Morse of Massachusetts introduced for reference the following bill: That no exhibition or exposition for which appropriation is made by Congress shall be opened Sunday. Any violation of this act shall be punishable by a fine not less than $100 or more than $1,000.

Though the senate threatens to take no holiday recess a good many of the senators are going home for Christmas. Senator Allison left for Iowa and Senator Ingalls for Kansas. The Kansas legislature does not begin balloting till the latter part of January, and the senator may come back to Washington for a time. Senator Pierce will be in North Dakota by Jan. 1. The legislature of that state meets the 6th and he wants to be on hand. Senator Moody will get out to South Dakota to see whether the Farmers' Alliance is really in earnest about making a combination to beat him. Senator Teller won't go to Colorado as long as silver legislation is pending. Senator Farwell has gone to Chicago.

#### Three Lives Sacrificed.

A horrible tragedy was enacted in the residence of John Spearman at Shakopee, Minn. When and why no one knows. George Russell, a grandson of Mr. Spearman, was absent from school several days, and Mrs. Griffin, a neighbor, seeing no signs of life around the premises, instructed her son to go with Mr. Ahlswede to the house. They went there, found the doors closed, but unlocked, entered and found three corpses. Mrs. Spearman lay in the first room, with her hands clutching some mats. There was a terrible cut in her head, her scalp was partly torn off, and the floor was stained with blood. In the next room John Spearman was sitting with his bare feet resting on the stove hearth, his head thrown back and resting on the chair-back. He was dead. There were no signs of violence on his person. Upstairs lying on a shakedown nicely covered lay the dead form of the grandson, George Russell. There was clotted blood on the pillow, but the wound was not seen, as the coroner was not present, and everything was left undisturbed. The woman and boy must have been killed by a sharp and heavy instrument. Spearman's life must have been ended by an opiate. There are an ax and a hatchet in the house. Neither has bloodstains. The deed must have been done several days ago. Rats have gnawed at the fingers of Mr. and Mrs. Spearman. The sheriff is in charge of the premises.

#### Parnell in Ireland.

During a demonstration at Ballinakill some miscreant threw a bag of lime at Parnell. It struck him full in the face and the lime filled his eyes, blinding him and causing intense pain. His carriage was just driving away when the lime was thrown. After riding some distance he was obliged to alight in a laborer's cabin in a fainting condition. A doctor was called, but could do little to assuage the pain. He urged that Parnell should be driven to Kilkenny for proper treatment. The start was made, but Mr. Parnell was unable to endure the agony and another stop had to be made at a hotel on the road. Mr. Parnell finally reached Kilkenny, where he had to be led to a room, being unable to use his eyes. Mr. Parnell is still suffering greatly, and will probably be disabled for a time.

#### Kicked Out His Brains.

Nobe Randall at Atwood, Ill., killed his old neighbor, John A. Gibber, in a quarrel, and before the eyes of his wife. The two had long been enemies. Randall went to Gibber's home while under the influence of liquor. He first knocked Gibbert down and afterward trampled him to death, his heavy heels crushing his skull and horribly mutilating him. After the deed Randall fled and cannot be found. Officers are in search of him. A body of citizens are hunting for the murderer. It would be impossible to restrain them from lynching should Randall be caught.

#### Attacked by Six Strange Men.

T. A. Baker, County Treasurer, was attacked by six strange men near his residence in Bakersfield, Cal. The men evidently intended to commit robbery and they handled Baker roughly. The latter drew his pistol and fired twice, fatally wounding one of the men, who gave his name as James McQuade. During the struggle one of the men took Baker's pistol from him and fired, the ball grazing Baker's head.

A disastrous fire occurred at Pottstown, Pa., burning out the stores of H. M. Root, L. & W. C. Recker, H. Leopold, J. R. Shaner, and W. L. Stone. The loss will aggregate $75,000 to $90,000.

#### Reds on the Warpath.

A rancher just arrived in great haste from a camp near Daly's ranch to the commanding officer at Rapid City, S. D., reports that a command of cavalry was attacked and two officers and fifty men killed, but the Indians were repulsed with heavy losses. The number of Indians killed is not known. The Indians were put to rout. This report is probably correct. It is not known whose command it was. It is probably that of Maj. Tupper of the Sixth Cavalry and his three troops of 140 men. The command at Rapid City has marched to their assistance.

Indians of the ranches near Chico, Cal. have commenced the Messiah or ghost dance. Remnants of all the tribes remaining in Butte County, numbering some 300 Indians, are participating. The dance is held each year about January, but was hastened this year by strange Indians who came in from Nevada and told the tribes that their brethren in the East were dancing, that the Messiah would surely come, and that the Indians would soon rule California again. The Indians are civilized, attend the schools, and have a chapel for services. They find employment in town and on the ranches. They have an imported Indian who acts as the Messiah.

#### To Be Guillotined.

The trial of Michael Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard, in Paris, France, for the murder of Notary Gouffe was concluded. Eyraud was convicted and condemned to death. Gabrielle Bompard was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor.

Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard murdered Gouffe in the room of the woman, in Paris. They put the body in a trunk and set off with it for Lyons, where it was subsequently found in a ditch. An inquest was held, but the man was not identified. He was quietly buried in a common grave in which other remains were deposited at the same time. The official who was responsible luckily tied a bit of string around Gouffe's feet, and when an exhumation was ordered the body was identified by this means. Meanwhile Eyraud and Gabrielle wandered about together for a time; then Eyraud went to America. Gabrielle confessed and was imprisoned. For a long time Eyraud eluded justice, until he was run to earth at Havana, whence he was brought to Paris.

He is to be guillotined in five weeks, but has appealed.

#### Demise of General Terry.

Major General Alfred Howe Terry died at his residence in New Haven, Conn., of heart disease, at the age of 63 years.

He was born at Hartford Nov. 10, 1827. He graduated from Yale College and afterward studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1848. He had commanded the Second Connecticut Regiment since 1854 and in April 1861, led it into the field, serving at Bull Run. He afterward raised the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers and was attached to the expedition of Gen. Sherman against Port Royal, S. C. In March, 1862, he was made Brigadier-General and commanded a brigade in the battle of Pocotaligo. Jan. 15, 1865, he was made Brigadier-General of the United States army. April 20 in the same year he received his commission as Major-General of Volunteers, together with the thanks of Congress to Gen. Terry, his officers, and his men for gallant and meritorious service at Fort Fisher. In March, 1886, after the death of Gen. Hancock, Gen. Terry was made full Major-General.

#### How They Received the News.

The bringing in of the dead bodies of Bull and his sons caused a good deal of excitement at Pine Ridge Agency, S. D. There is a great deal of bitterness among the squaws of the Indian policemen, who charge that they were sacrificed to save Uncle Sam's pale-face soldiers. These Indian women will keep up death songs for weeks, cut off their hair, chop pieces from their fingers, and slash their bodies fearfully. In some other quarters the cavalry troop is blamed for permitting the Indian police to ride off so far in advance, when, if the two bodies had come upon the hostile Indians together, the latter would have been overwhelmed and Sitting Bull taken into custody without resistance. The troops have been constantly on the move. They are scattered all over the Indian country in small detachments. A hundred well-armed young bucks, bent on avenging the death of their old chief and medicine man, could easily raise considerable havoc with Uncle Sam's men before being finally rounded up.

#### Love, Murder and Suicide.

A terrible tragedy occurred two miles southwest of Morrison, Ill. Robert Robertson, a widower, aged about 70 years, had been paying attention to Miss Mary Wall about two years and had made frequent proposals of marriage and was as often refused. He now went to her home, taking small gifts with him. He again made a proposal, and, being refused, he drew a revolver and shot her in the left temple. Then turning the weapon upon himself he sent a bullet crashing through his brain, killing himself instantly. Miss Wall died a few moments afterward. She was nearly 38 years of age.

#### MARKET REPORT.

CHICAGO.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Beeves—Extra 1,450@1,700 lbs | $ 4.90 @ | $ 5.40 |
| Good to fancy steers | 4.00 @ | 4.80 |
| Poor to medium steers | 2.90 @ | 3.75 |
| Cows | 1.25 @ | 2.50 |
| Veal Calves | 3.25 @ | 5.00 |
| Milch Cows—per head | 20.00 @ | 40.00 |
| Hogs—Mixed | 3.15 @ | 3.45 |
| Sheep—Native | 3.40 @ | 5.00 |
| Wheat—No. 2 Spring | .91 @ | .92 |
| Corn—No. 2 | .52 @ | .53 |
| Oats—No. 2 | .42 @ | .43 |
| Potatoes—per bushel | .70 @ | .90 |
| Poultry—Chickens, live, per lb | .06 @ | .07 |
| Ducks, " " " | .06 @ | .08 |
| Turkeys, " " | .08 @ | .09 |
| Butter—Choice Creamery | .20 @ | .24 |
| Low grades | .05 @ | .08 |
| Cheese—Full Cream | .09 @ | .10 |
| Off Grades | .04 @ | .06 |
| Eggs—Fresh, per doz. | .23 @ | .24 |

ST. LOUIS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Beeves—Choice natives | $4.60 @ | $5.25 |
| Hogs—Choice | 3.30 @ | 3.45 |
| Sheep | 4.00 @ | 5.25 |
| Wheat—No. 2, Red | .90 @ | .91 |
| Corn—No. 2 | .50 @ | .51 |
| Oats | .41 @ | .42 |

MILWAUKEE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wheat—No. 2, Red | $ .90 @ | $ .91 |
| Corn | .49 @ | .50 |
| Oats | .40 @ | .41 |

DETROIT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wheat—No. 2, Red | $ .91 @ | $ .92 |
| Corn | .52 @ | .53 |
| Oats | .43 @ | .44 |

KANSAS CITY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Beeves—Grain and Corn Fed | $3.00 @ | $4.15 |
| Steers—Grass Range | 1.90 @ | 2.75 |
| Hogs | 3.25 @ | 3.60 |
| Wheat—No. 2 | .92 @ | .93 |
| Corn—No. 2 | .40 @ | .41 |
| Oats—No. 2 | .39 @ | .40 |

#### Her Heart Damaged $5,000.

Christmas-Day, 1887, Matthias Kaufmann proposed marriage to Katie Kading, at Chicago, who accepted. Katie was a recent arrival from Michigan. She claims Matthias married another woman. She brought suit for $5,000 for breach of promise.

Thirteen minutes after the case was given to the jury now a verdict was returned for the full amount, $5,000.

The defendant is a well-to-do grocery keeper on the North Side, Chicago, and the plaintiff a governess in the family of a La Salle avenue millionaire. She brought an ex-Judge from Michigan to prosecute her case.

### GOOD ENOUGH FOR US.

WHAT'S a Christmas in the tropics
Or on t'other side the earth,
*Where the crocodiles, and creatures*
Of a like outlandish birth,
Are in summer suns disporting
Without music, without mirth?

What's a Christmas without holly
And a temperature to freeze?
O what do they do for Christmas,
Those poor dwellers beyond seas,
Those strange topsy-turvy peoples
Of the fat antipodes?

Why, dear Santa Claus, the darling,
Couldn't live there if he tried!
And, e'en if he could, his reindeer
Would before a year have died,
Or else in their own fat found them-
Selves incontinently fried.

O give us our Northern Christmas,
And hand round the brimming bowl!
Here's to Santa Claus, that sacred,
*Sly old sempiternal soul,*
And his high old habitation
Up beneath the Boreal Pole!

## ONE CHRISTMAS.

NO matter where—*no matter when*—I once had the noise of factory wheels, with their grinding cogs and whirring belts, dinned into my weary ears by *day—into my* dreams by night. I could not escape them. I can not escape them yet; for even now the shrill whistles heard in manufacturing districts at morn, at noon, at night, cause me to start with alarm. I may *be late! I can not rid myself of the* notion that they are signaling me, that the overseer will not bring a pair of ugly, vicious, black brows together if I am a few seconds behind time.

I was poor enough those days; but hours blacker than these stole like dread spectres from the charnel house of time.

One day I was discharged. I was late for the tenth time—"for the tenth and last time," the overseer said, as he pushed the little wages due into my hand. "For the tenth and last time, girl! I've been tolerant of your fine lady ways long enough—you are discharged—march!"

The twins comforted me that night as best they could. After a long fatiguing walk in vain search for work it was sweet at twilight to sit alone with my treasures and have their dear arms fold about my neck. I was so young too; it seemed as if I *had actually been a child with them* when our widowed mother lived; but when we saw the cold earth take her to its bosom, I aged with my great grief, and now a drear lifetime of experience and sorrow lay between me and the brown-eyed children, who, at nine years of age, comprehended but vaguely their sister's grief and care.

Two days' tramping brought me only an empty pocket, empty larder and empty prospects!

And then came Christmas eve—Christmas eve, when all should be joy and gladness and radiance and plenty! I looked into the box Joe *had fastened into what he* called a "pantry;" there was half of a loaf there, some crackers, and a bit of cheese. We were not hungry now, but breakfast would clear the box of crust and crumbs, and after that—what? All we had eaten for three days past had come from the united earnings of Josie and Jo, who sold papers while I traversed the long, cold city streets. And Christmas was to dawn upon us as it ever dawns upon the poor—in its own bright, bitter mockery of all gladness! Santa Claus finds it imposible to treat the labyrinthian alleys of Poverty Row, and a great lump rose in my throat *at the sight of two poor, little faded* stockings hung near the straw pile that served us for a bed in common. Oh, the sweet, simple faith of child hood! Tears came veil to my sight, and each great bitter drop was like a bubble that reflects more beauteous tints than ever were in earth or sky. Whence came they? In these salt tears I found the picture of my childhood's home, where mother lived among us and trouble was unborn. I saw her sweet face close to mine; I saw her hands reach out to me, and then—

The dream-angel must have visited me, for I awoke with a start to find *the last red ember only a tiny spark* upon the hearth. My dream comforted me greatly, and with a queer feeling of something oddly resembling content, I, early as it was, slipped off my worn shoes and let down my hair for the night.

Such hair I had then—so long, so lustrous, with the glint of the sun's own sheen amidst its heavy masses.

"Make me a doll, sister," Josie once had said; "and cover it's head with a bit of your lovely hair!" Right willingly would I have sacrificed every tress of it—a great thought seized me; I cried out like one daft, and bound up the heavy masses with eager, *trembling hands.*

"Sleep, little darling," I cried in ecstatic whisper, "sleep and dream of a glorious Christmastide; for it shall *come to you* by the power of living gold!"

Out into the gloom of cold, deserted streets—beyond them into the glare of shop lit avenues—jostled by servants of Santa Claus—excited, dazed, happy in the thought of my sacrifice I hurried upon my way.

I came at last to a halt before a window behind whose one great crystal pane a waxen image of a fair impassible beauty turned and turned upon some mysterious pivot: and I laughed aloud as I marked the color of her hair—it could only be compared to mine.

Two rounds of her stately dance I watched her make—then turned the knob of the door letting in to her peculiar abode.

It was warm inside; sweet, pungent odors filled the tropic airs of the long brilliant room—it seemed a bit of paradise with its warmth and brightness and delicate perfumes of rare and nameless flowers.

A woman of fashion stood before *the counter—how costly her habiliments*, with the fur and the velvet and the nodding plumes! Great rolls of bills in her little red wallet were carelessly handled, and there was a gleam of silvery circles and golden disks.

She turned and stood under the glare of the electric lamp. Our eyes met, and I, forgetful in my sweet elation of any thing save "peace on earth—good will to men"—forgetting the meanness of my attire—the difference in our present station—the long months of our separation since the same school house roof sheltered our girlish forms, cried: "Lucille—dear Lucille, I am so glad to meet you!"

The gleam of recognition that leaped into her eyes was put out by *a sudden chill recoil.* Ignoring me, she turned and spoke to the man behind the counter; "and you may add a pound of powdered orris root, I think, and that is all."

And that was all. The door shut her out into the cold night, and I, poor, pitiful fool, to have cared, I hid my face within my cold, ungloved hands and sobbed aloud. I know not that it was hysteria that turned me into a weeping child, hysteria brought about by my low spirits, low vitality, sudden elation and relapse. I could *not moderate my grief until I felt my*self gently touched and heard a low, sweet voice trying to comfort me. A hand led me, tear-blinded, into a curtained recess, and after a while I grew calm and answered the voice, whose sympathetic cadences made harmony even in my sick, discouraged soul. I told this man—this stranger—the short, simple story of my sad life, for I felt that I owed him some explanation of the reason of my childish tears.

He heard me gravely; then learning the purport of my visit, he untied the faded ribbons of my woolen hood, gently loosened the meshes of my *tightly bound hair,* and down it went all about my shoulders in soft shining strands, sweeping even the floor's velvet covering as I leaned upon the chair luxuriously-cushioned *arm.*

"I have heard your story," he said to me, "and I know you do not willingly part with your beautiful hair."

"Willingly?' Oh, yes, indeed, sir, willingly—for Christmas comes tomorrow and—and—do you think it will fetch me fifty dollars?" almost gasping, as I allowed my lips to name so vast a sum.

"Fifty—?"echoed the musical voice above my head. "If I were a lady, and such lovliness grew upon my *head, I would not sell it for a thousand dollars!'* "

I looked out from under the yellow tangles and met in the mirror before *me, a pair of serious, luminous eyes.* I noticed now, for the first time, the handsome face, splendid proportions and elegant attire of the regning genius of this ragrant establishment—for that I know him to be since. I heard the tongue-clatter of busy clerks in the storeroom beyond.

"I will give you one hundred dollars," said he at length; "and I must cut it off myself. I could not trust such hair as this to any of my workmen. Please come with me."

I followed him into what seemed a workroom, and sat upon a chair he placed beside a big marble washbasin. I had taken great care of my hair; but he said he would cleanse it before he cut it, and in a moment more the yellow mass hung, heavy and damp as any mermaiden's, over my protected shoulders.

The touch of his deft finger tips sent a magnetic current into my brain; I began to be light of heart again and had mentally spent a quarter of the magnificent sum he *had offered me, when I heard the* crunch of the sharp, cruel shears, as they pitilessly took from me the one and only beauty I possessed.

"There—I have covered your head with a silken hood; keep this and the woolen one upon your head for at least ten or twelve hours—you will then be less liable to catch cold. Allow me," and not daring to glance toward where I felt my lost loveliness lay, I suffered him to put the shawl about my shoulders, *place a small packet in my hand and* lead me to the door.

"Good-night," he said, gently; "good-night and merry Christmas!"

*Fruits and flowers, and candies,* and toys—caps, and mittens, and stockings and shoes—bread and butter, and coffee, and cake—I spent like a spendthrift, gloating the while over every penny I possessed like a miser.

All about the heap of straw where the sleeping children lay, I, creeping stealthily, placed such stores of splendid merchandise—each with its own peculiar sort of newness clinging to it—as would make a poor child frantic with delight. Why, I almost feared the subtle fragrance of the printer's ink that crept from between the pages of Robinson Crusoe, or the faint odor of varnish that coated all the *inhabitants of Noah's barn-like* ark—both brute and human—would, with their foreign incenses, now roaming in the Land of Nod.

But *my fears were groundless,* and putting out the candle, I crept all dressed, as I was shawled and hooded, in beside my little sister Josie. With a prayer of thankfulness and gratitude for my great and unexpected good fortune, and a sigh for my poor head covering, I between praying and sighing, fell fast asleep.

Peals of golden bells, silver bells, attuned to shrieks of merry laughter awakened me to the blissful realities of that one Christmas morning. I, *as glad-hearted as I had of late been* sad-hearted, left the pile of straw which had some time since been deserted by my small twin folk, and ran to catch *a kiss from* each crying jubilantly, as I placed a doll in Josie's arms and a book in Jo's—"Santa Claus found us, didn't he, children? Kiss me, Josie—kiss me, Jo!" But instead of a kiss, a merry laugh comes from the lips of each! I comprehended in another moment, and enjoyed more than they the good joke they played on me, for there stood my little maid in boyish attire, holding the book, while Jo, decked out in his sister's clothes, danced *about the room with a waxen beauty* of a doll within his arms, until Josie's skirts getting the best of him, down he came with a jar that set the three *solitary spoons* upon the little deal table dancing like things demented.

Oh, that Christmas breakfast, and oh, that Christmas dinner! I lived entirely in the happy present that one sweet Christmas day—for if God had been thus good to me he would still care for his own!

By night time the bare room was turned into what was better than any palace to me—a real cozy little home. Curtains graced the windows, a square of carpet hid the bare pine flooring, a real mattress on a real bed that boasted a bolster and a blanket stood in the warmest corner—second-hand articles, one and all; but, to me, first hand from the great storehouse of heavenly providence.

Twilight came and night closed in stormily, with great flakes of snow falling softly upon the window ledges.

Tired of playing, Josie and Jo crept happily into the great, soft marvel of a bed and soon were drowned in the sweet ocean of slumber. After they were sound asleep I sat down before the fire and fell to musing. Force of habit took my hands to my head, force of habit untied the faded silken ribbon beneath my chin—then *force of habit stopped, for my inat*tentive brains being telegraphed to by my new finger tips that something foreign had been touched came to a sudden sense of life's realities, and with a little cry I pulled the yielding elastic band that held the silken cover in place, and down tumbled all my own hair—a great, gleaming mass of amber strands! I gathered up thick tresses in my hands and kissed them in my gladness. I shook it like a banner in the breeze—a golden oriflamme—but then I remembered, and remembering, I cried:

"What does this mean?"

"It means," said a kindly, half-laughing voice across the counter, when next day I had come once more within the fragrant room and asked the meaning of the proprietor's perplexing action, "that I could not think of cutting it off in such bitter weather—why, child, it would have been the death of you! If summer brings me a customer we will talk more about it—but I knew your present need, so I gave you money in advance. I know the washing would lighten its weight upon your head, and it was a little trick of mine to bind it within the silken hood. So Santa Claus was good to you—but I still claim the hair, remember! Might I offer you a place within the workroom? The wages are small at first, but increasing knowledge of the traffic will cause their swift advancement—nay spare me your thanks and gratitude my child."

* * * * * * *

In a clean, warm, well-lighted work*room I, thereafter, pass the short* winter days and the long winter evenings. Joy reigns in my heart; joy and its creator: love. And the springtime follows winter, and summer follows spring; and when the rose-trees flaunt the perfume of their rich, red blossoms on the still, warm air, and pink carnations burden the dewy nights with spicy breath, a voice, whose every tone is ever echoed in my heart of hearts, speak to me softly:

"I have come for your hair."

"Oh, sir," I cry, "oh, sir, not now—I—" then pleadingly, "why do you insist upon it? You seemed loth to cut it off months ago when I was poor and needy—and now——"

"My child, do not take it so seriously—heaven is my witness—no *hair of this head shall come to harm* for ought to me! I want that hair, certainly: but I shall never take it, sweetheart, unless the head comes with it, *and the dear little body that* holds the sensible head up so bravely! I am bound, heart, soul and body in the meshes of this golden web—this shining net, which I will not have refused me! Speak, may I have it? and he stoops and parts the flaxen tangle from before my blushing face.

"You have bought it," I make answer—"it is yours."—Worcester Gazette.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### AN HOUR WITH THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

Better Outlook for Small Stockraisers—Clipping the Combs of Poultry—Take Good Care of the Farm Machinery—Signs of Shiftlessness—The Home.

#### Our Beef Production.

Having shown the drift of the cattle industry the past decade, and exhibited some periods of astonishing growth, writes Mr. Cuthbert Powell, I shall now look into the future and see if we can read what is ahead of us in this most important branch of industry. In the west many, indeed I may say most, of the big herds have been dispersed or greatly reduced, the ranges cut down more than one-half within the past ten years and the small cattle holdings increased—steers 61 per cent and cows 38 per cent. The cost of production is now estimated by our best informed ranchmen at 50 per cent *greater than ten years ago,* and the danger of mortality by more crowded ranges is greatly increased. It used to be estimated that it took ten acres *of range to support a steer through the* year, and anything less than this makes the grazing of cattle on the open range the year round risky. *Unfortunately we have no means of ob*taining the number of acres to each head of cattle now in the range country. But that it has been greatly reduced the past few years by the rapid increase in the number of farms and astonishing swelling of cattle holdings throughout the range country can be clearly shown. In Kansas, according to the government reports, the ratio of grazing lands to the number of cattle has been reduced 50 per cent, in Colorado two-thirds, in Texas one-half and Mexico nine-tenths. The ranchman is therefore being crowded on all sides, and a herd of cattle on a western prairie is no longer a goose for laying golden eggs.

#### Clipping Combs and Wattles.

All fowls that have tall, single combs like the Leghorns and Hamburgs should have them removed for it is next to impossible to keep a large flock of single combed fowls through a severe winter without some of them freezing their combs; and a hen will not lay after she freezes her comb, at *least but a few eggs. To remove the* combs one should hold the fowl and another take a pair of sharp shears and remove the combs from the hens close to the head and both combs and wattles from the males, it does not seem to hurt them if done quickly and a little lard put on. They heal over in a few days, but care must be taken not to clip any more at one time than you have room to shut them in, one in a place, for they will peck at each other's heads, and if they get a taste of blood they will keep it up until they kill each other; but if shut up by themselves for a few days no harm will come of the operation. They should not be clipped until the fowls are nearly a year old, or until their combs have obtained their growth. If clipped too soon they will not heal quickly. Chickens hatched the first of March will do to clip the first of November.

#### Grain Drills.

No kind of farm implement is more grossly abused or suffers worse from such abuse than drills for depositing seed grain. As soon as any of the delicate machinery for distributing seed becomes rusted it works poorly, and the drill is then no better than broadcast sowing, if as good. With those having fertilizer attachments, still greater care is required. They *must be not only sheltered, but every* particle of the fertilizer be cleaned out or it will surely cause rust. All commercial fertilizers are made soluble by *sulphuric acid,* and although the bone takes up and neutralizes part of this, it cannot do so for the whole. Phosphate standing in sacks quickly eats holes in them, and in contact with any metal it certainly produces rust, which prevents easy working of the machinery. More grain drills rust out than wear out. They are used only a few days in any season, and if housed and properly cared for at other times ought to last almost a lifetime.

#### Uniformity in Milking.

As much regularity as possible should be preserved in milking a cow, both as to time, and in having the job done always by the same person. Each milker has a somewhat different way of handling the teat, and any difference is sure to be noticed by the cow, and affect her quietude and the amount of milk she will give. Some very nervous cows, and these are often the best, hold up their milk when a stranger does the milking. This milk remaining in the udder is absorbed, and the consequence is that the cow *goes* dry sooner than she otherwise would.

#### Pneumonia in Horses.

Many of our best horses are destroyed by lung affections, due to carelessness of the owners. A little exposure at the wrong time may prove fatal even with the best medical care. *Long drives when the horse is a little* out of condition makes its system ill-prepared to resist the attack of disease. The nervous energies at such times are exhausted, and the blood vessels have not the power to contract properly upon the large amount of blood. Internal congestion follows, the blood vessels of the lungs become enlarged, and if some remedy is not given at once inflammation may set in and pneumonia carry the animal away. A nervous horse should never be overstrained in this way, and when in such a condition it is almost always fatal to place the animal in a cold, damp or poorly ventilated stable.

#### Signs of Shiftlessness.

A shiftless farmer is one who is wont to impute to Fate the accumulated causes for his being "a poor man." You *certainly have seen him,* and heard him too. For he is a frequenter of the village street corners and grocery stores, and the profundity *with which he will expatiate upon the* outrages "the poor man" receives from all men who enjoy a competence would draw out your sympathy if you did not know more about him. Why is he not home at work? Aye, there's the rub! For as soon as he has ceased to bewail the fact that the "poor man" has no chance, very likely he will indulge in a flippant allusion to some farmer who has had the common sense to pay the price for success and is already enjoying it. The shiftless farmer is downright sure that he will not make a slave of himself, not he, like old man A does; nor would he work as hard as that young B is doing. Guess he will enjoy life while he can; at any rate he cannot see how anyone could have any peace of mind if he were as stingy as old C. This shiftless farmer has a neglected farm unless possibly he has some wide-awake boys or an indomitable wife.

#### Cutting Seed Potatoes.

While the experiments with whole or cut tubers, large or small tubers, etc., *for* seed, are somewhat conflicting, there is a considerable preponderance of evidence that the larger the amount of tuber retained in each piece the larger the yield, large, whole potatoes giving a greater yield than when cut, and the yield decreasing as the size of the piece is diminished; and that earliness is retarded and vigor is diminished as the size of the piece used for seed is decreased. Neither whole tubers nor one-eye cuttings are best. The medium—a piece of a moderately large tuber, containing two or three eyes—gives the best results.

#### Poultry Raising.

It is not right to encourage a novice to risk his time and money at something he does not understand, and this article is intended not to encourage or discourage beginners, but to set them right at the start. There is money at *poultry keeping, but it is in the man* as much as in the fowls. A mistake may cause loss. Lice may drive one clear out of the field. The roup may *come along like a cyclone* and sweep everything away. But the man who begins at the bottom round of the ladder, observes all that transpires, tries to learn, and is not afraid of work, will sooner or latter surely reach the top.—Rural Home.

#### Wintering Hogs Cheaply.

There is no use in trying to economize in the feed of hogs during winter. The man who only cares to get them through alive wastes all he feeds, and has only stunted pigs instead of the thrifty ones he put up in the fall. Breeding animals of any kind should not be fed heavily, especially on corn, but even breeding sows should be kept thrifty, and if they are young they will probably grow in weight enough *to pay for their keep,* besides their litter of pigs in the spring.

#### Hints For the Housewife.

When the hands are stained, use salt and lemon juice; this will take off stains and render the hands soft and white.

Don't forget, if you are a tall woman, to have your work-table and ironing-board a few inches higher th[illegible] they are usually made. This littl[illegible] caution will prevent many a bac[illegible]

When a stove is cracked [illegible] may be made of wood ashes [illegible] in equal proportions mixed [illegible] with cold water. [illegible] this when the st[illegible] soon harden.

In washing clo[illegible] from without and [illegible] body need to be r[illegible] largely accomplis[illegible] influences of the [illegible] phere drying is [illegible] heat-drying.

The most desi[illegible] large one made [illegible] ing brocade. It[illegible] size to hold a [illegible] and the numbe[illegible] that are usually [illegible] evening, which one [illegible] pocket even if one [illegible]

The most exquisite [illegible] that which comes from [illegible] Azore Islands. It is d[illegible] quality of shirting linen [illegible] requisite number of thr[illegible] drawn, the remaining are w[illegible] the needlewoman into a square[illegible] ed ground, on which the pattern [illegible] leaf, flower or vine is skillfully and daintily darned. Fayal work is used to border pillow-shams, buffet-covers, little finger-bowl doylies and other pieces.

#### An American Flunkey.

"Well, James, observed the gentleman, "I hear you got a situation as valet recently."

"I did, sir," replied James, "but it was too blamed much for my self respect. What do you think the boss asked me to do the very first morning? Wanted me to help him dress."

# SUNDAY READING.

## AN HOUR'S INSTRUCTIVE CHAT WITH THE RELIGIOUSLY INCLINED.

The Blessedness of Giving—God's Care—Other Pertinent Items, Original and Selected.

### Only a Thin Veil.

Only a thin veil hangs between
The separate paths we tread;
The same green earth beneath our feet,
The same rose sheds its fragrance sweet,
The same sky overhead,
And God waits where the two ways meet—
'Tis by his voice we're led.

Only a thin veil hangs between,
So thin each breath we hear,
And God keeps watch 'tween me and thee,
He looks thy way, he looks toward me,
So sweetly, softly near,
We do not even ask to see
The way, we have no fear.

Only a thin veil hangs between
The paths to separate.
He holds my hand, he claspeth thine,
He plans thy way, he marks out mine,
And if we hesitate
He cheers with his love divine
And points out heaven's gate.

### The Blessedness of Giving.

There must be something good in human nature, or people would not experience so much pleasure in giving; there must be something very bad in human nature, or more people would try the experience of giving. Those who do try it become enamored of it, and get their chief pleasure in life out of it; and so evident is this that there is some basis for the idea that it is ignorance rather than badness which keeps so many people from being generous. Of course it may become a sort of dissipation, or more than that, a devastation, as many men who have what are called "good wives" have reason to know, in the gradual disappearance of their wardrobe if they chance to lay aside any of it temporarily. The amount that a good woman can give away is only measured by her opportunity. Her mind becomes so trained in the mystery of this pleasure that she experiences no thrill of delight in giving away only the things her husband does not want. Her office in life is to teach him the joy of self-sacrifice. She and all other habitual and irreclaimable givers soon find out that there is next to no pleasure in a gift unless it involves some self-denial.

Let one consider seriously whether he ever gets as much satisfaction out of a gift received as out of one given. It pleases him for the moment, and if it is useful, for a long time; he turns it over, and admires it; he may value it as a token of affection, and it flatters his self-esteem that he is the object of it. But it is a transient feeling compared with that he has when he has made a gift. That substantially ministers to his self-esteem. He follows the gift; he dwells upon the delight of the receiver; his imagination plays about it; it will never wear out or become stale; having parted with it, it is for him a lasting possession. It is an investment as lasting as that in the debt of England. Like a good deed, it grows and is continually satisfactory. It is something to think of when he first wakes in the morning—a time when most people are badly put to it for want of something pleasant to think of. This fact about giving is so incontestably true that it is a wonder that enlightened people do not more freely indulge in giving for their own comfort. It is, above all else, amazing that so many imagine they are going to get any satisfaction out of what they leave by will. They may be in a state where they will enjoy it, if the will is not fought over; but it is shocking how little gratitude there is accorded to a departed giver compared to a living giver. He couldn't take the property with him, it is said; he was obliged to leave it to somebody. By this thought his generosity is always reduced to a minimum. He may build a monument to himself in some institution, but we do not know enough of the world to which he has gone to know whether a tiny monument on this earth is any satisfaction to a person who is free of the universe. Whereas y giving or deed of real humanity while he was living would have red into his character, and would lasting service to him—that is, ny future which we can conceive. udley Warren in *Harper's*

### His Care.

ant, unremitting. Days ; some of them are sunny k days; some of them re and some are filled with they do not disclose; n all His care is over us. eary; God does not. d weakness are ours; almightiness are his. ke all our friends into once; only may we take hearts. One or two e arms of the parent, sibility for the moment; ighty during all mo 'd all his children in eing arms, and with rness and infinite solici d over the children and of his love. His a-God's. How much it so much more than a father's, other's, or a sister's, or a broth or a wife's, or a husband's! onstant and loving. O, I am con aced that the Father loves me so, he that would not lay the weight of his finger out [illegible] us but for our good. Heavy, it is? Great the sorrow? Deep the wounds? Well, it is a Father's hand—loving, blessed Father—and for our good that he lets it be heavy on us. He knows. He understands. Dear Father! Whisper to him, and in the hottest fires hold still. Listen for his voice. It will comfort. He doesn't forget. He never forgets. Never! And the rod, it is perfumed; and in the hands of his love hurts not us though it were laid on with anger, and so his care is tender—constant, tender, loving, thoughtful. These words express somewhat the quality and define the nature of his care. Rest in it, under it. Rest and rejoice. Rest and grow. Rest work. Rest—and plume your wings for flight to his arms.—*Western Advocate.*

### Count Over Your Mercies.

A southern woman who died lately at a great age, and who carried to the last days of her life a happy heart and a singularly gay temper, thus explained the mystery of her unfailing cheerfulness:

"I was taught by my mother when a child to reckon each morning before I rose the blessings God had given me with which to begin the day. I was not simply to say:

'When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise;'

but I was to count the mercies one by one, from the neat serviceable shoes that covered my cold feet, to the sunlight shining on the hill-tops. My school friends, my play, my mother's kiss, the baby sister and her cradle—all these I learned to consider separately, and of every one to say, 'He gave it to me.'

"This practice taught me the habit of thankfulness. It kept my heart near Him, kept it light and happy. These every-day blessings were not to be mere matters of course, but special, loving touches from his paternal hand. No pain or sorrow could outweigh them."

We all have a store of richer jewels than the heathen king; and, unlike the crown regalia, these jewels are our own, given to us by our Father.

### Never a Failure.

No true life was ever a failure. It may not have been spent in the performance of what the world esteems great and noble deeds; and, according to the world's estimate, it may not have been a success. But any life spent in the faithful performance of the duties of the position in which God has placed it, is a noble life, and will receive from him the highest commendation. It is not the kind of work we are called to do, but the spirit in which we engage in it, and the matter in which we perform it, that gives character and importance to our acts. The meanest service performed in a proper spirit for Christ, in his estimation is sublime. Or if in the providence of God, we are deprived of the privilege of doing, and are called only to suffer, if we patiently endure as seeing Him who is invisible, under the discipline of suffering our own characters will be ennobled, our example and influence felt for good, and the sufficiency of divine grace magnified, and life, at last, instead of being a failure, will prove a grand success. We should not regard our position, whatever it may be, as insignificant and unimportant. No position is insignificant in which a man may serve and honor God. Whatever our calling may be, we should regard it as a high calling in Christ Jesus. What we do we should do as unto the Lord. A life spent in his service, in any way, is a noble life, and will lead to an exalted end.

### God's Promise.

While on earth the disciple learned, in dark days of misunderstanding, and disappointment, to wait patiently on God, and to all eternity he shall realize the truth of his promise: "He that waiteth on his Master shall be honored."

### Pureness.

A pure heart at the end of life, and a lowly mission well accomplished, are better than to have filled a great place on the earth, and have a stained soul and a wrecked destiny.

### Be Sincere.

Sincerity is like traveling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways in which men often lose themselves.

### Do the Best You Can.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not, work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and enforced results of such work (says Ruskin) will always be the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best.

### A Truth From Melanchthon.

A holy life spent in the service of God and in communion with Him is, without doubt, the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world.

### Perseverance.

The great high-road of human welfare lies along the pathway of steady well-doing, and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful. Success treads on the heels of every right effort.

### A Pleasant Occupation.

Little Johnny—"You ought to have seen Mr. Merritt and sister make lemonade."

Mrs. Brown—"How did they do it?"

Little Johnny—"Cora hold the lemon while Mr. Merritt squeezed Cora."—*Scottish American.*

### The Difference.

When the average man says frankly, "I can't afford it," you will usually find on investigation that it is something his wife wants and not something that he wants himself.

### The Arithmetic of It.

Mr. Grumps—"I don't see how it is these Mormon women could be contented with only half a husband."

Mrs. Grumps—"A woman with only half a husband has only half as much trouble as a woman with a whole husband. That's why."

# WASHINGTON'S POVERTY.

## A SAD STORY OFTEN REPEATED THERE.

Life and Struggles of a Nameless Man Who Went to the Capitol City to Secure a Government Appointment—A Long List of Fellow Unfortunates.

A man died at the nation's capitol in Washington a few days ago. His name? No matter about that. The metropolitan papers did not mention it. The associated press took no notice of his exit. The busy, selfish swarm that ebbs and flows unceasingly over the tiled floors and through the noble corridors never paused an instant to regret that one of their number had fallen by the wayside and laid down the burden of life. The man who died was but an atom in the mass, an insect in a swarm. Yet he was a man of superior talents and he had a history, oh so sad and pathetic, which ought to be written and published as a warning to the thousands of young men who leave comfortable homes and bright individual careers to seek official positions under the government.

A brief outline of this unfortunate man's struggle, failure and death must suffice. The reader may supply the omissions, not over-looking the hope renewed each day, the torture of anxiety, the despair which finally extinguished expectation and left nothing in life for which to struggle.

This nameless man had been a potent factor in the local politics of the town where he lived—somewhere in Central Illinois or Indiana—the annals of the national Capitol are not clear on that point, nor does it matter. He was a competent physician, a scholar and evidently a gentleman, unassuming, dignified and non-communicative. For years he held a lucrative position as chief surgeon in the employ of a railroad company, and enjoyed a wide acquaintance with public men. Like many others he wanted to see more of the world, and when the Cleveland administration came into power he was in Washington, well supplied with indorsements for a high office. It is said that he aspired to a foreign mission. It did not reach him. There were not enough to go round. Then he decided to accept the next lower rank, that of a consul-general. He waited in vain. A first rate consulate was tried next, and after nearly a year of waiting that was denied him. His funds were running low and doubtless his frame of mind became so meek that he would take anything.

It is said that a place was finally offered him in Washington, with a fair salary. He hastened home, packed his household goods and removed his wife and babies to the capital, only to find that some other man had meanwhile been given the office he had hoped to obtain. But he was possessed of a great, incomprehensible stock of patience, and he decided to wait for something else.

He rented a modest residence on a good street, paying $45 a month while his money lasted. Then he no longer paid anything. The office for which he waited was as far away as ever, but his landlord came frequently to see him, and he, being an honorable gentleman, gave him a mortgage on the home out in Illinois. The landlord was likewise a grocer and supplied his table for a year or two on the strength of the mortgage, but finally told the tenant that he must move. Where? He had no idea, but all would be made square when he got his appointment. The Cleveland administration was nearing its end, and when Harrison was elected the man from Illinois or Indiana was still without an office. Then occurred an incident which sounds like fiction, but it is strictly true. The landlord rented a smaller, cheaper house, paid two months rent in advance and moved his tenant, wife, babies and chattels into it, telling him kindly that he must now look out for himself. The mortgage on the home in Illinois was foreclosed and the place sold, bringing $275 in excess of the mortgage and expenses, but he owed his landlord more than $300. Instead of keeping the $275 to apply on his bill, that landlord actually, took the whole amount and gave it to the wife of his ex-tenant. Was there ever an other like him?

The man from Illinois or Indiana still hopelessly sought work. None came his way. He sought to practice his profession, but no one was sick enough to need his services, and finally he became a guide in the Capitol, for which he ought to be well fitted by four years of tramping through those halls. He picked up a little money this way, but a keen observer would notice that he glided about the building with averted face, ashamed to have his congressional friends perceive the straits into which he had fallen. He was too honest and diffident to make a success of his new calling, and, worst of all he began to dull his despair with opium.

The end came a few days ago. He was dead. No inquest was needed, but the verdict should have been; "Died of office seeking, resulting in a broken heart."

The wife of his former landlord, who knew all about their trouble, heard of his death and hastened to the stricken home. The heart-broken widow knew not what to do. She had no money and few friends. She certainly had one, for the landlord's wife took charge of everything—sent for an undertaker, had the body embalmed and paid all the bills. She would have sent the family back to their Illinois home with the remains of that unfortunate husband, but at the last moment a brother of the widow arrived from Kansas and took the sad family away with him.—Free Press.

## HE WON THE JEWEL.

Young Nathan Satisfied Old Peterson's Daughter on the Circus Question.

"Nathan, you are married, I understand," said the governor of Tennessee, addressing a hillside constituent.

"Yes, sir, captured the best looking girl in the whole community. Old Lige Peterson's daughter Rose. You knowed her, I reckon."

"Yes; but I thought she was engaged to Sam Parker."

"She was, but I got ahead of him. Tell you how it was. She loved Sam powerful, for he is the best circuit rider we have ever had. I loved Rose, and was might'ly downcast, for I thought thar wa'n't no use in buckin' agin' him.

"Well, the day for the marriage was set, and a passul of us came to town to see the weddin', for Rose 'lowed that she wanted to be married in town and then take the cars for home, thereby gittin' a ten mile bridal tour. When we got to town, lo and behold, there was a circus, with mo' hosses than a strong man could shake a pole at. Rose was mighty keen to go to the show, but Sam says, says he, 'Rose, you know it's agin my religion, an' therefo' we can't go. Stay here till I go and git the license.' Rose's under jaw dropped. When Sam was gone I says, says I, 'Rose, wouldn't you like to go to that show?'

"'Yes, but Sam won't take me.'

"'That's bad, Rose, for they have got a world of hosses.'

"Then she tuned up and began to cry. 'Rose,' says I, 'if you marry Sam you kan't go to the show, that's certain; but if you marry me I'll take you.'

"She studied awhile and says, says she: 'And let me stay to the concert after the big show's over?'

"'Yes.'

"'An' let me look at the monkeys all I want to?'

"'Tibby sho'.'

"'An' won't pull an' haul me aroun' when I get interested?'

"'No, swar I won't.'

"'An' when the show's over will you let me look at the monkeys again?'

"'Yes.'

"'Nath,' said she, puttin' her hand mighty lovingly on my arm, 'I'm your'n.' Then I jumped up, popped my heels together, an' in less'n half-hour we was dun married an' a lookin' at the monkeys. That's the way I won that jewel, governor."—Arkansaw Traveler.

### City Market Women.

Some of the little old women who appropriate the walks in the vicinity of the big city markets and sell garden truck are interesting characters in their way. Their petty sales do not begin until between five and six o'clock in the morning, but the intense rivalry which exists as to pre-empting advantageous locations furnishes the incentive to very early rising. Between two and three o'clock they pick their way, unaccompanied, down through the dimly lighted streets—invariably the case in the worst criminal sections of town—and take their positions, after first buying their stock of the Long Island farm wagons. This secured, they seek a friendly corner in a neighboring doorway, draw their shawls about their heads, and fall asleep. Down around Washington, Greenwich and Vesey streets, perhaps fifty of these women may be counted on all fair mornings. When the weather is very bad—and it takes a pretty good storm to keep them within doors—this number is possibly decreased by ten. The others come rain or shine, and manage to pick up a living. The women are all known by their first names, and the big, good-natured butchers, in their long-tail coats, invariably have a pleasant greeting for the old women. These women are never molested; and while the younger element finds some sport occasionally in transferring Mary's corn to her rival Maggie's basket, while both are nodding, and then watching the effect of the discovery, yet the two thus annoyed are always rewarded with an extra big apple or a peach. Some of these women have been about the market in the vicinity referred to for over twenty years. On holidays they are never forgotten.—N. Y. Star.

### Victoria's Empire.

A slight conception of the extent of the British empire may be gained from this: The fastest ocean steamer afloat would occupy more time in traversing the space covered by either the length or breadth of her Indian possessions than it does to cross the Atlantic. Extraordinary as the above comparison may seem, British possessions in Australasia and North America are sufficiently large to cover India four and a half times and over, and still leave enough of territory to cover the area of Great Britain and Ireland five times more.—St. Louis Republic.

### A Kiss.

Grammatically speaking a kiss is a noun, technically speaking a conjunction, and generally speaking a first class article.—Binghamton Leader.

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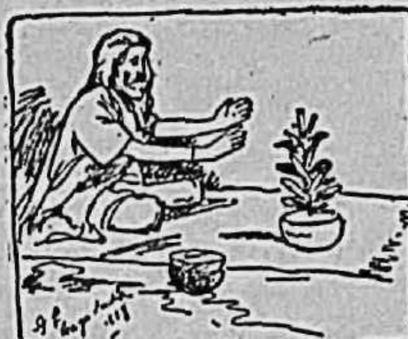
# IT IS ONLY HYPNOTISM.

## HOW INDIAN FAKIRS DECEIVE THOSE WHO WATCH THEM.

### Mango Trees, Babies, and Other Objects Shown to Be Creatures of the Imagination.

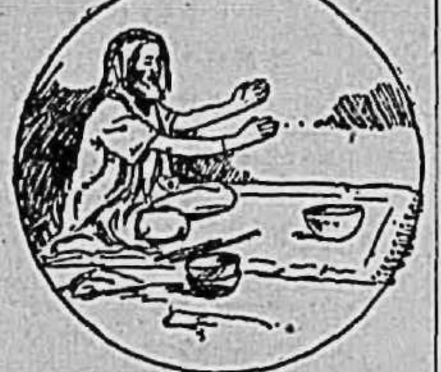
Nearly every traveler who comes back from India brings with him more or less marvelous stories of the performances of Indian fakirs or jugglers. No one ever heard of one of these tales without being curious to know the explanation of the mystery. All sorts of theories have been offered, all of which are more or less unsatisfactory. It has remained for a young Chicagoan to furnish an explanation that explains and to present what must be accepted as absolute proof of the correctness of his idea. His discovery may attract attention in all parts of the world and he may become as widely known as the discoverer of electricity.

Frederick S. Ellmore, who has just returned from a two-years trip around the world, is a pleasant-faced, light-haired young man of 26. He is an '86 Yale man. After his graduation he spent a year in business with his father. At the end of the year an opportunity presented himself to spend some time in foreign countries and he started out alone. Being a rather enthusiastic amateur photographer he carried his beloved kodak with him. He first "did" the British Isles and then went to Paris, where he put in several months. While there he ran across a college classmate—a young New-Yorker George Lessing. Lessing was somewhat of an artist and was putting in his time in the American art colony in the French Capital. From Paris Lessing and Ellmore traveled together. They "did" Europe and afterwards Egypt, India, Australia, Japan, China—their tour winding up in the United States. Lessing went on direct to New York from San Francisco, while Ellmore has been spending some time on the coast and and in "doing" the Yellowstone Park. Lessing carried with him to New York the rolls of negatives from Mr. Ellmore's kodak, which he had developed there and sent back to Mr. Ellmore by express. They were received yesterday.

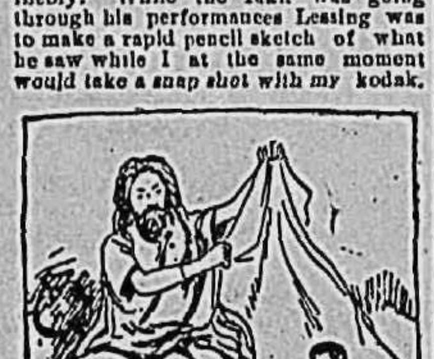


LESSINGS'S SKETCH OF THE MANGO TREE.

In talking to a Chicago *Tribune* man of his remarkable experience in India, Mr. Ellmore said: "We had done West India pretty thoroughly, and had spent some time in Calcutta. From there we went north, stopping for a short time at Rajmahal and Dinapur. From the latter city we went south to Gaya, which we reached in July last. Lessing and I had frequently talked over the Indian fakirs and their marvelous performances, and had determined upon making a careful test of their powers. So we were constantly on the alert for some first-class juggler. One afternoon Lessing rushed into the room where I was taking a snooze and told me there was a fakir in front about ready to begin his performances. I was as pleased as he was. Neither of us had been able previous to this time to see one of these fellows, but we had arranged a little plan which we were to put into operation when opportunity offered. I had been impressed by a theory that the explanation of all their alleged supernatural performances would be found in hypnotism, but I did not know just how to get at it until Lessing proposed this plan to test my theory. While the fakir was going through his performances Lessing was to make a rapid pencil sketch of what he saw while I at the same moment would take a snap shot with my kodak.

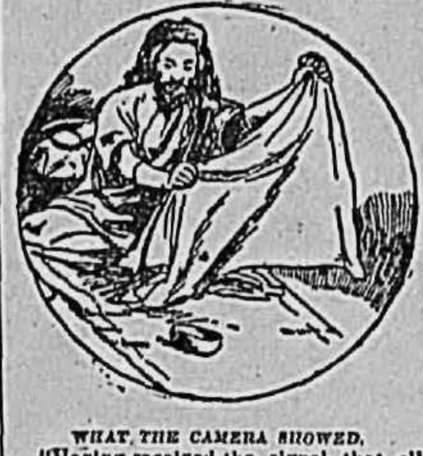


THE CAMERA SHOWS NO TREE TO EXIST.



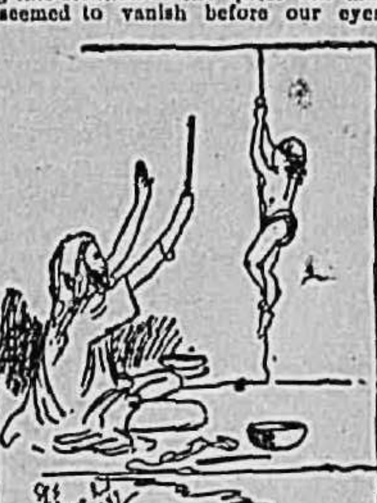
WHAT LESSING SAW.

"Being prepared to put this plan in operation we went out from our abode, and there found the fakir and a crowd of natives and one or two Europeans. The fakir was a queer-looking chap. His hair was long and matted and his beard hung low on his breast. His only decoration was a copper ring or bracelet worn about his right arm between the wrist and the elbow. His eyes were remarkable both for their brilliancy and their intense depth, if I may so term it. They seemed to be almost jet black and were set unusually deep in his head. When we stepped into the little circle about him those eyes took us in from sole to crown. He had spread upon the ground a coarse carpet of peculiar texture about four feet wide and six feet long. At his right stood a small earthen bowl and across his knees lay a strange-looking musical instrument.



WHAT THE CAMERA SHOWED.

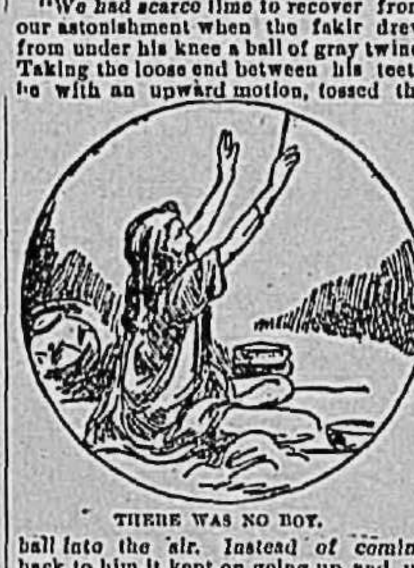
"Having received the signal that all was ready he took the bowl in his hands and turned the contents—a reddish, sand-like mixture—out upon the carpet. He mixed it about with his fingers, apparently to show that it contained no concealed objects. Replacing the sand in the bowl he stood it in the center of the carpet, several feet in front of his knees, and covered it with a small shawl, first placing in the mixture several seeds of the mango fruit. Then he played a weird air on his pipe, swayed back and forth, and as he did so slowly took in each member of the crowd of spectators with those marvelous eyes of his. The swaying and pipe-playing lasted two or three minutes. Then he suddenly stopped and raised one corner of the shawl. We saw several green shoots two or three inches high. He replaced the shawl, played a little more on his pipe, and I could have sworn I saw the shawl pushed three feet into the air. Again he stopped removed the shawl. This time there was a perfect tree, two feet or more in height, with long, slender flat leaves. Lessing nudged me and I took my picture while he made a skeleton sketch. While we were watching this creation of the queer old man it seemed to vanish before our eyes.



LESSING'S SKETCH OF THE CLIMBING BOY.

When it was gone he removed the bowl and spread the shawl on the ground before him. Then there was more music and more swaying, more looking at the crowd; and as we watched the dirty square of cloth he had placed on the ground we saw outlined beneath it some moving object. As we watched he grasped the shawl by each of two corners and snatched it from the ground. Upon the spot where it had rested but a moment before there sat the queerest dimpled Indian baby that I had seen in my travels. Lessing kept his nerve better than I did. I would have forgotten what I was doing if he had not reminded me. I took the picture and he made his sketch. The baby remained but a moment before Mr. Fakir recovered it with the shawl, and drawing a knife cut and slashed at the spot where the infant sat. In another instant he threw away the shawl and there was nothing there.

"We had scarce time to recover from our astonishment when the fakir drew from under his knee a ball of gray twine. Taking the loose end between his teeth he with an upward motion, tossed the ball into the air. Instead of coming back to him it kept on going up and up until out of sight and there remained only the long swaying end. When we looked down after trying to see where the ball had gone, we were all astonished to see standing beside the fakir a boy about 6 years old. He had not been there when the ball was tossed into the air, but he was there now, and at a word from the fakir he walked over to the twine and began climbing it, a good deal after the fashion of a monkey climbing a grape vine. As he was starting I got his range and made a picture of him, Lessing at the same time making a sketch. The boy disappeared when he had reached a point thirty or forty feet from the ground, at least we could not see him. A moment later the twine disappeared. Then the fakir arose, rolled up his carpet, took the bowl away, and passed among the crowd soliciting contributions.



THERE WAS NO BOY.

"I had no facilities for developing the kodak films and it was these Lessing took with him, as well as a thousand or more other negatives, to be developed. The fakir pictures, with a few others, I received this afternoon. After the fakir's departure Lessing filled in his sketches and these he left with me. You'll see by comparing the ones Lessing made with the photographs that in no instance did the camera record the marvelous features of the performance. For instance, Lessing's sketch shows the tree grown from from the bush, while the camera shows there was no bush there. Lessing saw a baby and so did I, and he has got it in his sketch, but the camera demonstrates that there was no baby. Lessing's sketch of the boy climbing the twine is evidence that he saw it, but the camera says there was no boy and no twine. From which I'm compelled to believe that my theory is absolutely correct—that Mr. Fakir had simply hypnotized the entire crowd, but couldn't hypnotize the camera. I'm going to write out a history of the affair and have copies made of the pictures and forward them to the London Society for Psychical Research. I have no doubt it will make good use of them."

## A ONE-WHEELED BUGGY.

### Unique Vehicle Used by a Prominent Atlanta Doctor.

Dr. Thurmond, a leading physician of Atlanta, Ga., possesses a singular vehicle in the shape of a one-wheeled buggy. It cost $500.

The doctor believes in having things just as he wants them, and for several years he has been using a set of harness remarkable for its simplicity, as it consisted of only a wooden collar. There is a string running from the collar down the shafts into the buggy. It is fixed in such a way that, in case the horse runs away, a quick jerk of the string will loosen the collar from the shafts and permit the horse to run away and leave the buggy behind him, thus saving the occupants from injury.

This pleased him so that he decided to simplify his buggy. He drew the plans himself for the one-wheeler. It is nineteen feet long from the big vilocipede wheel behind to the end of the shafts in front. An ordinary buggy is only thirteen feet long. The top is made stationary, like the top of a bread wagon, only it is shaped like a buggy top. The floor of the buggy is just nine inches from the ground, while the shafts curl upward from the bottom until they are level with the dash-board. There is no seat made in the vehicle, but an upholstered chair is placed in it, to be occupied by the driver.

The shafts have been changed somewhat, having been fixed so that they can move up and down. The only harness to be used on the horse is the wooden collar and a very wide bellyband to which the shafts will be fastened.

## An Electric Frankenstein.

George R. Moore, a retired mill-owner of this city, says a letter from Lowell, Mass., has constructed an electric man that walks about with every appearance of life, and is made to be useful as well as ornamental by pushing a perambulator. The chair over which he presides is a light wicker-work affair. There is a footboard which is used for carrying the batteries which put the propelling power into the electric man's muscles of wood and steel.

The man stands directly behind the chair. If he were flesh and blood he would just come inside the limits a lightweight sparrer, and as far as all appearances go would be about 25 years old. He is connected with the chair at about the point at which the human diaphragm is popularly supposed to be located.

There is a pushing bar above this, on which his neatly-gloved hands rest, but this is more for vanity than utility. He is dressed in the height of fashion, being attired in a new suit of gray-mixed goods, white shirt with collars and cuffs to match, and a soft felt hat. He has a number of changes of clothing and can be dressed for Fourth of July or Christmas weather just like any man. He wears a No. 6 shoe, four wide, and sports a Louis Napoleonic mustache. Met upon any thoroughfare he would be marked for his general style and dignified bearing. Just at present his complexion is a little off color, but he is to have this treated with the most approved toilet preparations that the paint-pot can produce.

The action of the feet and legs, which the inventor has reached with this machine, is a remarkable imitation of a human being. There is none of the jerky motion that is so commonly seen in mechanical figure. Each foot as it leaves the ground rises naturally on the toe with the same springy motion that is characteristic of the graceful walk among men and women. As in the taking of the foot from the ground so in replacing it at the end of the step, the motion is free from jog or jar and is entirely natural.

The electric man is provided with a six-horse power battery, which is simply sufficient to enable him to push the fattest dowager up Corey hill.

It is Mr. Moore's intention to make his electric man polite, as well as useful, and to that end his right arm, which is said to have more joints and bones than the corresponding member of the human body, will be so arranged that he can raise his hat gacefully as he receives a fare.

## Caught by the Proofreader.

Here are three contributions to the collection of typographical errors nipped in the bud by the prosaic proofreader:

"He (the late Dr. G——) spent forty years of his life in teaching deaf mules how to read and write."

Read mutes for mules, and you have a less quixotic but scarcely so poetic a task assigned to the late Dr. G——.

From a thrilling adventure story:

"Roaring through the thick fog, from the direction in which the young girl was running, came the loud sound of noses."

"Waves" instead of "noses" made the passage read better. This is from a biographical sketch:

"In the prime of his life and strength he was carried away by a pullet at the battle of Five Forks."

There have been chickens, perhaps, which seemed to their eaters to have had sufficient muscular development to enable them to carry a strong man away, but this compositor's "pullet" was only a "bullet."—*Boston Transcript.*

Beef loses 25 per cent of its weight when baked.

## IN A POET'S YOUTH.

### William Cullen Bryant's Early Lyrical Aspirations and Performances.

The poet Bryant was an exception to the rule which ordains that precocious children shall either die while young or become ordinary men, says the *Youth's Companion*. On his first birthday "he could walk alone, and when but a few days more than 16 months old knew all the letters of the alphabet." In his sixth year he was, as he himself tells us, "an excellent, almost infallible speller, and ready in geography." In his sixteenth year he entered college, having mastered in less than a year all the Greek and Latin required for admission to the sophomore class at Williams college.

The boy was as precocious in rhyming as in studying. Before he was 10 years old his grandfather gave him a 9 pence for a rymed version of the first chapter of Job, and the country paper published a rhymed description of the school he attended, which he wrote and declaimed.

John Bigelow, in his life of Bryant, says that "though these early verses gave no particular poetical promise, they were remarkable for two characteristics by which all his poetry was destined to be distinguished—the correctness both of the measure and the rhyme."

So intense was the boy's ambition to be a poet that he not only read what poetry fell in his way, but in his private devotions often prayed with fervor that he "might receive the gift of poetic genius, and write verses that might endure."

"Thanatopsis," the poem which gave him a national fame, was written in 1811, before he had attained his eighteenth year, though it was not published until 1817. The story of its publication, as told by Mr. Bigelow, is a unique literary anecdote.

One day Dr. Bryant, the youth's father, while looking through the drawers in his son's desk, came upon some manuscript verses. He read them, and was so impressed that he hurried to the house of a friend, and, thrusting the verses into her hand, exclaimed, while tears ran down his cheeks, "Read them! They are Cullen's."

In a few days the doctor went to Boston, without communicating his intention to his son, to show these verses to his friend William Phillips, who was one of the editors of the *North American Review*, then two years old. He left the verses at the office of the *Review* without their author's name or any intimation of their parentage.

Mr. Philips read them and went to Cambridge to submit them to Richard H. Dana and Edward T. Channing, his editorial colleagues. They listened while Mr. Phillips read the manuscript and heard the little he had to tell about its history.

"Ah, Phillips," said Dana, with a skeptical smile, "you have been imposed upon. No one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verse."

Inquiries, however, showed that Mr. Phillips, instead of being imposed upon, had read to them the poems written by an American boy who had not yet attained his eighteenth year. One of the poems was entitled "Thanatopsis," and appeared in the September number of the *Review* for 1817. The poem which accompanied it also appeared in the same number under the title of "Fragment." It is now known as "An Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood."

A significant fact associated with the two poems is that "Thanatopsis" was six years old when it was printed and the "Fragment" two years. Such "patient waiting" is rare with young authors.

## The Ice-Cap of Greenland.

The aspect of these boundless wastes rolling away in scarcely perceptible undulations, and in the distance mingling the gray of their snows with the gray of the skies, at first gave the impression that Greenland was a uniform plateau, a sort of horizontal table. The belief now prevails that the rocky surface of the land is, on the contrary, carved into mountains and hills, valleys and gorges, but that the plastic snows and ice have gradually filled up all the cavities, which now show only in slight sinuosities on the surface. Allowing to the whole mass of the ice-cap an average thickness of 500 feet, it would represent a total volume of 150,000 cubic miles. This sermer suak, or "great ice," of the Greenlanders flows like asphalt or tar, with extreme slowness, seaward, while the surface is gradually leveled by the snow falling during the course of ages and distributed by the winds. In the interior of the country the surface of the ice and snow is as smooth as if it were polished, looking like the "the undisturbed surface of a frozen ocean, the long but not high billows of which rolling from east to west are not easily distinguishable to the eye." Nevertheless, the exterior form of the ice-cap has been greatly diversified, at least on its outer edge, where in many places it is difficult to cross, or even quite impassable. The action of lateral pressure, of heat produced by the tremendous friction, of evaporation and filtration, has often broken the surface into innumerable cones a few yards high, in form and color resembling the tents of an encampment.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## A Warm Section of Country.

A Pomona man recently visited the Paymaster mine, situated in the Colorado desert. Here he found miners working in the open air clad in drawers and boots, with the thermometer standing at 126 degrees, yet they were able to work all day and to sleep at night. He says the miners perspire so freely as to fill their bootlegs several times during the day, and they have to take them off and pour out the water.

"George," said the railroad magnate, "we all think a great deal of you and we like to have you visit Susan every night when you can. We like to have you stay as late as convenient, too, but sometimes when it gets to be 2 o'clock, and you still decline to break away, I wish you had been fitted out like my new locomotives—with an improved spark arrester."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"Just then the old man's eyes fell upon a placard which announced that "this artistic piece of work will be sold for $3,000." He stopped breathing for a minute, while his eyes seemed to fairly stand out from their sockets. Then he nudged his wife. "Elsie," said he, "do yer see that air card? They want $3,000 for that air thing—want more for that then my hull farm is worth. Let's go." And they left, the old man dragging after him his wife, whose desire to gaze upon the work had intensified after she had learned the price.—*Chicago Times.*

## Crossing a Swollen River in The Andes.

After examining the works of the line in the vicinity of Punta Negra, where I overtook the paymaster, Don Carlos, I started off in his company to the next camp of Vermejito, which is 2100 metres above the level of the sea. Here we spent the night; and the next morning, after admiring the grand black basaltic rocks that render the scenery in these parts all the more dismally impressive, we started, together with two of the engineers of the camp, who volunteered to see us safely across the Rio Blanco, which was reported to be dangerously swollen. When we reached the bottom of the deep ravine through which this torrent flows, we found the report to be only too true. The water, white as milk, was foaming and dashing over a part of the narrow planks which had been anchored across the stream below the best fording-place. After working an hour at the risk of their lives, the two young engineers, who were as agile as goats—one was a Swede and the other an Italian—succeeded in raising one of the planks a foot, so that it could be crossed with comparative safety, the dash of the water over it remaining only about six inches. The human element of the party then felt reassured; but how would the mules get over?

The "arrieros" were in a state of great agitation, and the paymaster was anxious about the thousands of dollars that he had in his money bags. However, every man lent a hand. The mules were unloaded, and, with the aid of cries and whirling lassos, they were driven into the turbulent torrent, and waded or swam across bravely, one only getting carried away for a few minutes, and losing a big piece of his flesh against a sharp bowlder. The next thing was to carry over the baggage and saddles. A lasso was flung across the stream, and held on one side by the two engineers, and on the other by the "vigilante," or gendarme, who accompanied the paymaster, "to prevent him running away with the company's money," as we used laughingly to tell him. This taut cord served as a hand-rail, along the narrow plank, and by means of repeated journeys, and with incessant risk, the baggage was finally all carried over, the mules loaded and saddled, and the journey resumed, Don Carlos and his party leaving me behind, for they were well mounted on strong horses.—*Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.*

## Shaking Hands.

The practice of hand-shaking is probably carried to a greater extent among English-speaking people than elsewhere, and is nowhere so prevalent as in this country. In fact, the national custom has developed in some of its applications to such an extent as to have become a great annoyance to public men, who are frequently required to shake the hands of thousands of people whom they have never seen before and will never hear of again. But this does not by any means apply to the hearty, happy hand-clasp of friends who thus sincerely express their joy at meeting. There is individuality in the hand-shake—nothing gives a better indication of character. "I always take pains, on some pretext or another," said a successful merchant, "to shake with every man with whom I have business relations. I like to repeat the process three or four times on as many different days, and if the impression is the same each day, I am decided as to the the character of man, and don't think I am mistaken once in a hundred times. The man who is one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow with his hands, is the same in his business—he can't be depended on."—*Good Housekeeping.*

## Within The Law.

"I want to be posted in de law," said a colored woman who called at the Gratiot Avenue Station the other day.

"Well?" replied the Sargeant.

"I've got a gal."

"Yes."

"An' she's got a beau."

"Very likely."

"I can't abear him, an' I doan' want him 'round de house. What co'se shall I take?"

"Have you ever given him a hint?"

"Lauds, sah! but I jess tole him to cl'ar out or I'd bust him to smash! I reckon dat's a hint."

"But he didn't go?"

"No, sah. Now, den, I want to know how fur I kin go an' keep widin the law. I've talked to him, frowed water on him, hit him wid a club, called him names, made de dog bite him, an' p'inted a pistil at him, but he won't stay away. How much furder kin I go an' not break de law? Could I dun stan' in de yard an' mow him across de legs wid an old sorthe when he cum up in de da'k? Could de pistil go off accidentally?"

When advised to try peaceful measures she indignantly responded:

"Dat's what I did on the very go-off. I took him by the collar an' frowed him ober de gate!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Children's Shoes.

Is there no way in which children's shoes can be cheapened? What earthly reason can there be for the little difference in the price of children's and 'adults' shoes? And children's shoes are made so flimsily that they wear out in a few weeks. Why should they not be made stronger, or if not stronger, then vastly cheaper than they are? There is no more aggravating expense in the ordinary household than for children's shoes.—*Lowville Times.*

## Always Afraid of Poison.

The food for the Sultan is cooked by one man and his aids, and no others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp, and this is broken in the presence of the Sultan by the High Chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each separate kettle before the Sultan tastes it. This is to guard against poison. The food is always served up to the Sultan in the same vessels in which it is cooked, and these are often of gold, but when of the baser metal the kettle is set into a rich golden bell-shaped holder, the handle of which is held by a slave while the Sultan eats. The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses a table, and rarely a knife or fork—a spoon, his bread, pancake or fingers are found far handier.

## Visiting Cards Did It.

It is a common saying that you can judge a man by his visiting card. A lately arrived rector not ten miles from Boston left his cheap, printed card at the house of one of his parishioners, and his neatly-engraved one at another's. The houses were respectively in unfashionable and fashionable quarters of the city. But the parishioners happened to be cousins. They met, they compared cards—as women will—and that rector now wonders why he is growing in disfavor with some of his parishioners.

## The Ancient Wood.

She—"They have discovered some wood in Egypt which is said to be 4,000 years old. I wonder what kind it is?"

He (imperturbably)—"Chestnut of course."

In the photograph of the heavens, in course of preparation at the Paris observatory, it is calculated that 64,000,000 of stars will be represented. In the nebula of the Lyre M. Bailland took a photograph 4 by 5½ inches which revealed to the naked eye 4,800 stars.

## A Progressive Company.

In addition to the splendid passenger equipment now furnished by the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, the management have arranged to run vestibuled passenger cars on the through day trains, commencing with September 1. These cars are the product of the Pullman Company shops, and are considered by many railroad men to surpass in elegance and completeness any parlor cars which have as yet been placed on the rails.

Before the winter travel commences all passenger trains will be provided with safety steam-heating apparatus which is connected with the engines and receives its steam from this source, thereby obtaining an even temperature in the car at all times.

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## THE CAMP FIRE.

### REMINISCENCES AND INCIDENTS OF THE LATE REBELLION.

**A Disastrous Cannonade—The Wilderness Once More—Other Interesting Matters for Vets.**

#### Disastrous Fire.

Among the many good shots made by the artillery on both sides, I think one made by the Tenth Indiana battery will rank away along up among the best.

The Tenth battery, then under command of Captain Cox, was attached to Wagner's brigade of General Woods' Sixth division. At the battle of Stone River, December 3d, 1862, it was posted on the left of the railroad in the field just south of the round forest, and from fifty to one hundred feet from where now stands the Hazen monument. After doing splendid work through the heat of the battle it was reserved for them to crown their day's work with the most splendid shot ever seen.

Everything on the right of the railroad being defeated and driven back, a new line was formed along the track of the railroad from Wagner's brigade to the rear, thus leaving the Tenth Indiana battery and its infantry support at the point of the angle made by this new formation.

After the new formation the field from the railroad west, across the Nashville pike to the cedar forest that had been fought over so fiercely that morning, became the neutral ground on which either army must fight to pass.

The last attempt the confederates made on the front gave Capt. Cox an opportunity to put in a flank shot in full battery on a line of infantry not fifty yards away that he took advantage of and executed with a result most horrible to witness.

A charging column was formed by the confederates on the high ground to the southwest of the burned Craven house, and in splendid order came across that field until their right flank was opposite and some fifty yards from the battery. Cox, in the meantime, saw the direction they were taking and thinking they might offer their flank to him, wheeled his six guns to the right, placing them to bear on a given point, then awaited the moment to fire.

Every batteryman was at his post. Six lanyards were held by six powder-besmeared men who knew that but a moment more they would send a bolt of death and destruction into the ranks of a brave but unsuspecting foe. "Steady, men; hold, for the word," said Cox, as he sat in his saddle watching for the supreme moment. On they came! What a splendid line! Their guns glistened in the descending western sun. Oh, how beautiful the sight this moment, and oh, how horrible the next! "Ready, fire," rang out clear and distinct above the din of battle to the right of us. The smoke rose, and there in one long winrow of death lay half of that splendid line, while the others were seeking safety in flight. "We knocked the bull's-eye," said Cox. "A cheer and a tiger," said his infantry support, and then rang out a prolonged hurrah for the Tenth Indiana Volunteer battery.—*Vet.*

#### The Wilderness.

Replying to Joseph H. Carter's Wilderness article recently published as to Rice's Brigade, of the Fifth Corps, being under Hancock at the Plank road on the 6th of May, I will state that late in the afternoon of May 5, Gen. Hancock was having a severe engagement, and called for help. Gen. Wadsworth, with his Division and part of Robinson's Division, was ordered to report to Gen. Hancock. Gen. Wadsworth was directed to move his command so that he would strike the Confederate left flank, at that time stretched across the Plank road and facing Hancock's Corps. Gen. Wadsworth reached a point near the Confederate flank, where, owing to the density of the Wilderness and darkness, he was obliged to halt for the night.

T[illegible] Meredith, of Gen. Wads[illegible] st[illegible], was sent back to Gen. [illegible] report the situation and [illegible] ammunition. The Captain [illegible] 3 o'clock a. m., with or[illegible] forward at earliest dawn [illegible] o Hancock. The Confed[illegible] under finding a body of [illegible] roaching his flank, with[illegible] the night to relieve his [illegible] tude in Wadsworth's morning at[illegible]

[illegible] worth's command moved [illegible] formed the right flank of [illegible] ond Corps, then wheeled to [illegible] with the left on the Plank [illegible] moved forward in line with [illegible] ock. Gen. Wadsworth [illegible] troops to extend his [illegible] more [illegible] learning the enemy [illegible] right [illegible] his flank, and it [illegible] ded past [illegible] that a brigade of the Ninth [illegible] reported to Gen. [illegible] came and [illegible]

[illegible] orth. [illegible] sent word to Gen. [illegible] Hanc[illegible] look out for his left on the [illegible] road, as the Second Corps' left was [illegible] olding to a Confederate charge. G[illegible]n. Wadsworth seeing the Confederate lines on his left, across the Plank road, passing by his flank, undertook to wheel some regiments to the left and fire into the Confederate flank, but unfortunately threw the flank of his own wheeling regiments into an Alabama brigade lying on the ground, and received himself what he expected to give.

At this time much confusion existed, and Gen. Wadsworth's command went back to the Brock road without regard to alignment. Gen. Wadsworth did not rein his horse to the rear for an instant, and when he did the Alabama troops were within a few feet of him, yelling and shooting. At that place, the most advanced position taken by his troops, Gen. Wadsworth fell, shot through the head.

Gen. Cutler took command of the division, and the following morning reported to Gen. Warren.

That is why "some of the Fifth Corps was with Hancock."—*Earl M. Rogers.*

#### They Killed a Horse.

Never having seen anything in the Camp Fire from the members of Co. I, 7th Iowa Inft., I rise to ask if any of them remember the first skirmish we had with the Johnnies, near Columbus, Ky., when Co. I killed a horse? That day the writer and a few others, with Sergeant John T. Wallen in command, were sent out on picket duty, fifteen miles from Columbus, Ky., which was then full of rebs. When we got to our post the writer came on first relief, and the others sat down by a large tree to talk. They made quite a noise talking. Thinking that the enemy might be close I said:

"Wish you would be still; who could hear if the rebs were coming?"

"Are you scared?" said one, and another said, "There is no danger."

"Do you hear that bell?" said I.

"The rebs don't wear bells," they laughingly retorted.

But I was still looking through the timber. Soon I saw the horses' feet down the road, and then I said:

"There they are!" and a big reb wearing a large white hat came around the bend in the road and stopped.

The boys jumped to their feet, and Sergeant Wallen ordered us to fire on the rebels, which we did and started to run back to a house a quarter of a mile distant, at the forks of the road, where the company was then stationed. The house was surrounded by a paling fence, and this was our protection. The Johnnies came up to the house and we had a lively little skirmish. Company I killed a horse dead on the spot, and wounded some of the rebs. One of our boys was wounded in the arm, and others had holes shot in their clothes. This was in October, 1861, and as long as company I remained with the regiment we would hear, "Fall in, Company I, and kill a horse!" Company I was with the regiment from August 1, 1861, to July, 1865. This was the first company of the 7th regiment to see the enemy, and the writer the first man to call attention to the rebels on that occasion. If this is read by any members of Co. I, or of the 7th regiment, I would be glad to hear from them.—*J. B. Conwell*, 7th Iowa Inft.

#### South Carolina's Redbones.

There are a singular race of people in South Carolina called the Redbones. Their origin is unknown. They resemble in appearance the gypsies, but in complexion they are red. They have accumulated considerable property and are industrious and peaceable. They live in small settlements at the foot of the mountains and associate with none but their own race. They are a proud and high-spirited people. Caste is very strong among them. They enjoy life, visit the watering-places and mountain resorts, but eat by themselves and keep by themselves.

When the war broke out several of them enlisted in the Hampton legion, and when the legion reached Virginia there was a great outcry among the Virginians and the troops from other states because we had enlisted negroes. They did not resemble the African in the least, except in cases where Africans had amalgamated with Indians. This intermixture, which is common in the Carolinas, produces marvelous results. It takes the kink out of the hair of an African, straightens his features and improves him in every way except in temper.—*Confed.*

#### The Perils of Indian Warfare.

Indian fighting is about as delicate military work as the world has known in a minor way. You must never expect to meet your enemy in a fair, open fight. Not if he can help it. You must chase him into his own strongholds. You must grant him all the favoring circumstances of situation, knowledge of his surroundings and nature's support. Only marauding bands of butchers come into the open plain or to open places easily defended. And they come with the swoop of an eagle and are off almost as soon as they dart down. I saw a few companies of Uncle Sam's boys march out of Salt Lake City once to do some Indian fighting. They were as likely a set of men as ever carried rifles on their shoulders. They were gone only a few months, but what a change when they returned! Their blue uniforms hung from them in rags. Anything served for a head-covering. Some were barefooted and the best pair of shoes among the privates would have lain untouched in your "Bend" here, scorned by the poorest man among you. Feet, arms and hands were in old bandages. Only the guns were bright and clean, always ready for service. Those men had been chasing Indians, and there is very little fun in this kind of war. Only men of the best kind can stand it, and Westerners are very proud of their old Indian fighters.—*Ex.*

#### After the Army Canteen

A committee of ladies who were appointed by the National Convention of the W. C. T. U., called upon the president and secretary of war and urged them to issue an order forbidding the sale of beer and light wines at "military posts. The committee said that the government was not only licensing and encouraging beer and wine drinking, but was even compelling commissioned officers of the army to be "overseers of military saloons, called canteens, thus giving a semblance of respectability to beer-drinking."

## FOR THE LADIES.

### SOME ITEMS FOR MARRIED AND UNMARRIED FEMININITY.

**Spenders or Savers—Gowns for Business Girls—Instructive, Interesting and Profitable Reading.**

#### Spenders or Savers.

We sometimes see statements to the effect that wives, instead of being help-meets nowadays, are only help-spends. While this may be true of some city women who live for fashion and not for their families, it certainly is not true of those true mothers who, thank God, are the great majority, and without whom life would be a desert. But, in addition to the housewifely spirit which makes every true woman a caretaker, an interview in one of the large Chicago dailies illustrates another phase of woman nature just as praiseworthy and noble, and showing that she is by no means behind man in places where she comes into direct competition with him.

A certain banker says: "My observation brings me to the conclusion that women who are thrown upon their own exertions manage better than men, and will save a little out of a small income where a man would give up, take to drink, or commit suicide. A man thinks it beneath his manhood to make a less deposit than $5. A poor woman, with two or three children to support, will wash, iron, cook, and nurse, take in from $6 to $10 a week for the same, support her little household, buy her children an occasional toy or a little candy, keep her house looking tidy, herself presentable, pay her rent, and make a deposit weekly of from fifty cents up to $1. I never see one of those pale-faced, tired-out looking women at the window that I do not feel like going out and saying something to encourage her.

"I don't have much time to read, but I do not believe there are any such stories in print as I could tell you, if it were proper to do so. Women stand misfortune better than men. That is my observation. I was in one of the savings banks that went under several years ago. The poor women who were the losers were the heroines. While some of the men who lost raved, went mad, took to drink, and some committed suicide, the poor women went on silent and sorrowful, beginning life again penniless."—*The Household.*

#### Gowns for Girls in Business.

A busy girl, one who is out in the work-a-day world, writing and writing to keep the accounts of a great firm straight, wrote and asked me what I should advise for a business dress. First of all, I should say let it be quiet, let it be well-fitting, and let it be the kind that will attract attention only by its absolute neatness. I know the temptation is very great to put the money in a pretty plaid frock trimmed with velvet, perhaps in a silk, and to wear it for a little while for *very best,* and then to take it for the office. This is the last thing in the world you ought to do.

We can learn some lessons from men, and did you ever hear of a man taking a shabby dress suit for office wear? Put your money in a frock suitable for business, and keep it exclusively for that. Leave the frills and frivols for the other hours, and make your gown partake of the exquisite simplicity of that worn by a Quakeress, and it will never offend even when it grows a little shabby. Probably the most useful business gown is a dark-blue serge. It does not show the stains or dust as quickly as black, the sleeves will not rub out as would black cashmere, and the material itself, being rather rough, doesn't grow glossy. Fashion the skirt after the manner of to-day, plain at the front and sides and with a double box-plaiting at the back. Then wear with this a fitted blouse of the same material, belted in and not having the loose look usually given to a blouse. I recommend the blouse because, while it is whaleboned it is not to the extent of the basque, and, sitting for hours in a basque having bones extending to the edge of its skirt means getting it shapeless in a very short time. Have a black ribbon stock at the neck, and then neither collar, or, indeed, a white finish of any kind, is necessary. In buying your material get enough for a new pair of sleeves, for your sleeves will certainly be shabby and worn out before your gown begins to go. Now, just remember this, a well-dressed girl, which means a girl suitably dressed for your position, is certain to have more respect shown her than one who is untidy and overdressed. There always comes a time when the bright colors, the gay ribbons and the pretty lace can be worn, but it is certainly not in the counting-room, in the offices, or wherever your work may be.—*Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

#### The Coin of Polite Society.

Whenever a kindly or considerate act is shown you, my dear, be always careful to say that magic index to good breeding, "Thank you." Certainly you say it to the man friend who has given you an evening of amusement at the theatre, or the concert, or who has taken you to and fetches you from a friend's home. To whom else should you say it?

To the maid servant who hands you your letters, who makes a special point of keeping your room in good order, and who, remembering that you liked certain things placed in a certain way, was careful always to do it.

To the stranger who holds open a door for you, to the elevator man who saves you climbing so many stairs, to the man who gives you seat in car or omnibus, and to anybody, in any station of life, who shows you a courtesy of any kind.

We are apt to be very stingy with our thanks; to accept things entirely too much for granted, and to believe, in having courtesies shown us, that they are only what we deserve. Now this is the wrong way of looking at it, and some day it will serve that girl right—that girl who believes that the good things of life in the way of politeness are hers lawfully, and that without any effort on her part they can be retained, will discover her mistake. You can never be too generous with thank-you's; they are the current coin of polite society, the circulation of which tends to make everybody more eager to do unto others as they would be done by. No girl makes a mistake who has a thank-you always ready. It is the index to a good character and a loving heart. Politeness is golden, and thank you is the coin which passes everywhere and recognized by all.—RUTH ASHMORE, in *Ladies' Home Journal.*

#### How to Talk Well.

Learn to listen well, and very soon you will find yourself speaking the word in season and surprising yourself, as well as others, by the quickness with which your thoughts will be well expressed.

Read the words of great writers, think them over and conclude in what way you differ from them. The woman who talks well must have opinions—decided ones—but she must have them well in hand, as nothing is so disagreeable as an aggressive talker. Say what you have to say pleasantly and sweetly; remember always that the best thing in life, dear, sweet love, has often been won by that delightful thing—"a low voice."

Do not be too critical; remember that every blow given another woman is a boomerang which will return and hit you with double force. Take this into consideration—it is never worth while making a malicious remark, no matter how clever it may be.

Worth what while? Worth, my dear girl, the while here, which is, after all, so short, and the while hereafter, which is after all, so long and sweet. It seems to me that when you and I stand before the good God, it will be the little gossip, the petty talk about others, of which we will be most ashamed.

Never forget that mere idle talk is quite as bad as gossip, for nobody is gaining any good from it, and as no vacuum exists in Nature, none can in everyday life. Not to be a good talker, my dear girl, not to be an interesting woman, quick in your sympathy and ready always to give the word of gladness to those in joy, or speak your tender thought to one who is in affliction, is to be that most unpleasant of people—an unfeminine woman.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

#### Between Schoolroom and Altar.

When the girl enters the world after her education is "finished," she does not always find it what she expected. The school-room is one thing, the world another.

She may have been popular with her teachers because she was a diligent scholar, and carried off the honors of the school. But she finds that book knowledge does not make her popular or successful socially.

Some of the most intellectual people I have known have been among the most disagreeable. A woman whose intellect is aggressive, who parades her knowledge before those of inferior intellect or education, is an object to be dreaded.

Mere learning in a woman is never attractive. It is, on the contrary, offensive, unless coupled with feminine graces. School learning should sink into the character and deportment, and only exhibit itself as the perfume of a flower is exhibited—in a subtile, nameless and unobtrusive manner.

A woman's knowledge of grammar should not make her talk like an orator in daily life—it should simply make her conversation gracious and agreeable.

Mathematics should render her mind clear, and her judgments true; her geographical studies should teach her that the world is too small for falseness to find a hiding place; and history should impress her that life is too short for unworthy ambitions.

The time between the school-room and the altar should be not a mere harvest-time of pleasure, but a sowing-time for all the seeds of kindness and self-sacrifice for others, and of unselfishness and benevolence which alone can make her a successful wife and mother.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*, in *Ladies' Home Journal.*

#### Wearing Shoes Alternately.

It is true economy for every person to have several pairs of shoes and to wear them alternately, says *Good Housekeeping.* In the first place, by so doing, corns and other soreness of the members may be to a considerable degree avoided. These come from continuous friction or pressure at a certain point, and as no two pairs of shoes "bear" on the feet quite alike, the change breaks up the continuity and obviates or prevents the unpleasant result. It is also better for the shoes themselves. Do not wear them, in ordinary weather, if the best service is desired, more than three or four days or a week at most before giving them a chance to become thoroughly dry. Many, if not most, feet emit sufficient moisture to affect the shoe, giving it the sticky, unpleasant feeling which is so familiar, but to which we not often give a second thought. Contrast this feeling with that of a shoe which has been standing unused for a week or a month, and notice how grateful the feeling of thorough dryness in the last named. Perhaps the reader never thought of that before.

## A BRAVE WARRIOR.

### DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ABOUT JOSHUA'S MIGHTY VALOR.

**The Man Through Whose Instrumentality Jordan Was Parted, the Walls of Jericho Were Blown Down and the Sun and the Moon Stood Still.**

BROOKLYN, Dec. 21.—Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon this morning in the Academy of Music in this city, and again in the evening at the service in New York. His text was Joshua 11. 5: "And when all these kings were met together, they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom to fight against Israel."

We are encamped tonight in Palestine by the waters of Merom. After a long march we have found our tents pitched, our fires kindled, and though far away from civilization, a variety of food that would not compromise a first-class American hotel, for the most of our caravan starts an hour and a half earlier in the morning. We detain only two mules carrying so much of our baggage as we might accidentally need, and a tent for the noonday luncheon. The malarias around this Lake Merom are so poisonous that at any other season of the year encampment here is perilous, but this winter night the air is tonic and healthful. In this neighborhood Joshua fought his last great battle. The nations had banded themselves together to crush this Joshua, but along the banks of these waters Joshua left their carcasses. Indeed it is time we more minutely examine this Joshua of whom we have in these discourses caught only a momentary glimpse, although he crossed and recrossed Palestine, and next to Jesus is the most stirring and mighty character whose foot ever touched the Holy Land.

For the most part, when the general of an army starts out in a conflict he would like to have a small battle in order that he may get his courage up and he may rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts; but this first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the levelling of Fort Pulaski, or the thundering down of Gibraltar, or the overthrow of the Bastile. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting and they poured down into the valley and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand on one bank and they look across and see Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha! aha! they cannot disturb us in time—until the freshets fall; it is impossible for them to reach us." But after a while they look across the water and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say, "What's the matter now? Why, there must be a panic among these troops, and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to try to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftan, looks at his army and cries: "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan.

One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet than by an almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right through without getting their feet wet, over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank.

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "Forward, march!" In the distance there is a long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city of arbors, a city with walls seeming to reach to the heaven, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey, and it was afterward captured by Herod the Great, and it was afterward captured by the Mohammedans; but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords, no shields, no battering ram. There shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn.

The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day, and a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall—not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbelieving Israelites, "didn't I tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it! Joshua has been spoiled; he thinks because he has overthrown and destroyed the spring freshet, he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Don't you see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It isn't philosophy."

Joshua's stock was down. The second day, the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and a failure. Third day, and a failure; fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure; sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all around about, looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all around once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure.

There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straightening themselves up, filling their lungs for a vociferation such as was never heard before and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host: "Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city!" All the people begin to cry: "Down Jericho, down Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash! go the walls, the temples, the towers, the palaces; the air blackened with the dust. The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaanites commingle, and Joshua standing there in the debris of the wall, hears a voice saying: "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is, "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai; it must be taken. How shall it be taken? A scouting party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you; it is going to be a very easy job; you just stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeer. The Northern troops at Bull Run did not make such rapid time as these Israelites with the Canaanites after them. They never cut such a sorry figure as when they were on the retreat. Anybody that goes out in the battles of God with only half a force, instead of you taking the men of Ai, the men of Ai will take you. Look at the Church of God on the retreat. The Bornesian cannibals ate up Munson the missionary. "Fall back!" said a great many Christian people: "Fall back O Church of God! Borneo will never be taken. Don't you see the Bornesian cannibals have eaten up Munson, the missionary?" Tyndall delivers his lecture at the University of Glasgow, and a great many good people say, "Fall back, O Church of God! Don't you see that Christian philosophy is going to be overcome by worldly philosophy? Fall back." Geology plunges its crowbar into mountains, and there are a great many people who say, "Scientific investigation is going to overthrow the Mosaic account of Creation. Fall back!" Friends of the Church have never had any right to fall back.

Joshua falls on his face in chagrin. It is the only time you ever see the back of his head. He falls on his face and begins to whine, and he says, "Oh, Lord God, wherefore hast thou at all brought this people over Jordan to deliver us into the hand of the Amorites, to destroy us? Would to God we had been content and dwelt on the other side of Jordan! For the Canaanites and all the inhabitants of the land shall hear of it, and shall environ us round and cut off our name from the earth."

God comes and rouses him. How does he rouse him? By complimentary apostrophe? No. He says: "Get thee up. Wherefore liest thou upon thy face?" Joshua rises, and I warrant you with a mortified look. But his old courage comes back. The fact was, that was not his battle. If he had been in it he would have gone on to victory. He gathers his troops around him and says: "Now let us go up and capture the city of Ai; let us go up right away."

They march on. He puts the majority of the troops behind a ledge of rocks in the night, and then he sends comparatively small regiments up in front of the city. The men of Ai come out with a shout. The small regiments of Israelites in stratagem fall back and fall back, and when all the men of Ai have left the city and are in pursuit of the scattered, or seemingly scattered, regiments, Joshua stands on a rock—I see his locks flying in the wind as he points his spear towards the doomed city, and that is the signal. The men rush out from behind the rocks and take the city, and it is put to the torch, and then these Israelites in the city march down and the flying regiments of Israelites return, and between these two waves of Israelitish prowess the men of Ai are destroyed, and the Israelites gain the victory; and while I see the curling smoke of that destroyed city on the sky, and while I hear the huzza of the Israelites and the groan of the Canaanites, Joshua hears something louder than it all, ringing and echoing through his soul, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But this is no place for the host of Joshua to stop. "Forward, march!" cries Joshua to the troops. There is the city of Gibeon. It has put itself under the protection of Joshua. They send the word, "There are five kings after us; they are going to destroy us; send troops quick; send us help right away." Joshua has a three days' march more than double quick. On the morning of the third day he is before the enemy. There are two long lines of battle. The battle opens with great slaughter, but the Canaanites soon discover something. They say, "That is Joshua, that is the man who conquered the spring freshet and knocked down the stone wall and destroyed the city of Ai. There is no use fighting." And they sound a retreat, and as they begin to retreat, Joshua and his host spring upon them like a panther, pursuing them over the rocks, and as these Canaanites with sprained ankles and gashed foreheads retreat, the catapults of the sky pour a volley of hail stones into the valley, and all the artillery of the heavens with bullets of iron, pound the Canaanites against the ledges of Bethhoron.

"Oh!" says Joshua, "this is surely a victory. But do you not see the sun is going down? Those Amorites are going to get away after all, and then they will come up some other time and bother us, and perhaps destroy us." See, the sun is going down. Oh, for a longer day than has ever been seen in this climate! What is the matter with Joshua? Has he fallen in an apoplectic fit? No. He is in prayer. Look out when a good man makes the Lord his ally. Joshua raises his face, radiant with prayer, and looks at the descending sun over Gibeon and at the faint crescent of the moon. In the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds, he cries: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon, in the valley of Ajalon." They halted. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays, or by the stopping of the whole planetary system, I do not know, and do not care. I leave it to the Christian scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question, while I tell you I have seen the same thing. "What!" say you, "not the sun standing still?" Yes. The same miracle is performed nowadays. The wicked do not live out half their day, and the sun sets at noon. But let a man start out in battle for God and the truth, and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and prolonged.

Joshua at last is brought to the close of his career. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valedictory and it is full reminiscence. Young men tell what they of are going to do; old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather or great-grandfather, seated by the fire, tell of Monmouth or Yorktown, and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket, to fight, and show how the old battles were won—so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled forehead, I wonder if God has kept his promise all the way through.

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently; that sacred body is over a hundred and ten years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those lips which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bethink myself now, I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon and for the foot the moon that stood still in the valley of Ajalon.

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She—"John, what do you cook in those jack pots you have at the club—that you sometimes talk about in your sleep?" He—"Soup."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"I can't go Schubert," exclaimed Mrs. Skimgullet at the concert. "But you can go Chopin every day in the week," retorted her husband.—*Musical Courier.*

## FOREIGN NOTES OF INTEREST.

Prof. Koch calls his lymph paratolidin.

The editor of the London Times is Mr. Moberly Bell.

Sarah Bernhardt is so vexed at the attention given to her snake that she is going to give him up.

Arthur Orton, the British Claimant, alias Tichborne, is now employed as a waiter in a big drinking saloon in Birmingham. He is paid a large salary, not so much on account of his ability to draw beer as on account of his facility in drawing custom.

The Y. W. C. A., founded in London in 1857, now has 143 branches, with a membership of 17,000. There are forty institutes, evening homes and boarding houses where young women from the country can be lodged and cared for at small charge.

The street known as "Seventy sixth" on the official card at Berlin was baptized Bebel strasse some time ago by admirers of the social Democratic leader and a little red flag was painted on several corner houses on it. The imperial cabinet has just decreed, however, that Seventy-sixth street shall be called Kant street.

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## ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Heaven is nearer,
The skies are clearer,
The sun shines brighter,
Our hearts are lighter
*On Christmas morning!*

Heaven is nearer,
Our friends are dearer,
The air is rarer,
The earth is fairer
On Christmas morning!

Joy-bells ring praises,
The soul it raises
On music's pinions,
From self's dominions,
On Christmas morning!

The shadows drifted
Of sin seem lifted,
And care and grieving
Find sweet relieving
On Christmas morning!

Mankind seem purer,
Our hope seems surer,
Our doubting ceases;
We hail Christ Jesus
On Christmas morning!

## ALL HOME AT CHRISTMAS.

SEVEN was the number of our family—father, mother, George, Annie, Willie, Rosie, and Ralph. Ralph does not count for much, for he is the baby; but for all that, he has got just as much right in this family as George, the oldest, has.

There was still another person present at our table,—sweet little Jennie *Roberts*. She was our George's sweetheart; and if they would not tell us all their affairs, we knew well enough that there would be a marriage with our family soon. George was only twenty-one years old, but he worked hard and thought himself *perfectly capable of looking out for* himself and one other person.

How we all loved pretty Jennie! Her folks lived next door to ours, and of course we were often at each other's homes, and it would be nothing surprising for Jennie to take dinner *at our house two or three times* in a week. We looked upon her as one of the family; but whenever such a thing was mentioned, Jennie would blush quite red.

On this particular day, papa had written a letter of great importance to a firm in Chicago with which he was dealing largely. Among other things in this letter was a check for *one hundred dollars, all certified and* made out to bearer; all a person had to do would be to present it at any bank, and it would be cashed on sight. Papa came into the sitting-room with the letter in his hand, and asked George if he was going down town that evening, and if he would register the letter. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he stepped along into the hall and placed the letter in George,s overcoat pocket, as he thought. Re-entering the sitting-room, he told George that the letter was in his overcoat pocket, and to be sure and send it off that night.

Poor George thought no more of the matter until he was down town, and then, as it entered his head he *put his hand into the breast pocket* of his overcoat to get the letter to post, but it was gone. Good gracious! *What was he going to do about* it? He went through all the pockets of the coat, but no letter came to view. At last he came to the conclusion that his father had changed his mind about the letter going that night, and had taken it from the pocket of the coat; but, thought George, he might have said as much and did not give a fellow this start about it. So home he went, not letting the loss of the letter bother him any more, and had a good night's sleep without any bad dreams.

Next morning at the breakfast table papa asked George if he had posted the letter that he had placed in his overcoat pocket the night before. George looked astonished at papa, and told him that he *could find no letter in his pocket when* he looked for it at the post-office, and that he had thought father had *changed his mind about the letter* and had removed it without warning him of it. Papa denied removing the letter from *George's pocket*, and accused George of slackness and the loss of the letter. Hot words passed between them, and we thought once that papa would strike George. Mamma was crying her eyes out, and the rest of us were keeping out of the way behind the kitchen door. Fierce words were spoken on both sides, for George would only stick to it that he had not seen the letter or anything pertaining to it.

At last the cloud burst. Papa accused George of taking the check for his own account. George told father that he lied, and father ended the hot interview by ordering brother George, the pet of all us children, from his house. George quietly put on his coat and hat, kissed all us *children and mother*, and quietly turning to papa, bid him good-by, stating that he hoped things would come straight *after* a while. With that he left the house.

Oh! that was a day of sadness for that household. Mamma took to her bed with a sick headache, and papa went to his work with a sullen look on his face that we had never seen there before.

The saddest duty of all was breaking the bad news to little Jennie. She took it all kindly, and seemed a little down-hearted, but hoped it would all come right before long. We all expected to see George back home again that night or the next day at the least, but he never came. Days run into weeks and weeks into *months, but not a word from George.*

One day papa complained that the lining of his overcoat had been loose *for some time, and that he wished it* might be attended to. So mamma took it from the rack, and getting *her* patches, thread, and needles, sat down by the sitting-room window to mend it. She mended the lining of the sleeve and was about to hang it back on the coat rack, when she noticed that the lining, down at the bottom of the coat, was worn out. In ripping away the old stuff to replace it with new, she pulled out an old letter addressed to a firm in Chicago.

*Thinking nothing of* it, she laid it on the mantel-piece; and when papa came home that evening, she gave *him the letter, and told him where* she had found it.

"Good heavens, mother!" exclaimed papa, "*what shall I do? That is* the very letter that I thought I put into my boy's pocket, and instead I put it into my own. *Oh! Lord* forgive me! It was over eight months ago. Where can George be now?"

The look that passed between mother and father was perfectly understood by each other. Father's eyes plainly showed the sorrow he felt at the wrong he had done his own son, and the mother's eyes looked all the sympathy she had for the poor father, *who had been too hasty*. Papa was for starting out that very night to find his boy, and on his knees beg *his forgiveness, and ask him to com*plete the family circle that had been broken for so long. But mother im*plored him to wait till next day, and* then see what could be done, for it would have been useless to look for George in that town. Only one person knew where George was, and that was dear little Jennie.

When Jennie was told of the discovery of the letter, the look of reproach which she cast on papa made him feel, he said, like going outside and kicking himself for an hour. No one knew that Jennie had George's address, for she had kept it entirely to herself. The next day she wrote a note to George, addressed in care of a friend of George, in a small town some hun*dred miles away from home*. She told him that the letter had been found, and that since the discovery *that he had been wronged*, his father was failing in health and praying for George to come back home.

*He* wrote her that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to return home; but that he could not for some time yet, and for her to still keep quiet as to his whereabouts.

It is Christmas noon. We are all sitting down to our grand old Christmas dinner. Papa is at the head of the table; his hair is whiter than it was a year ago, and his hand trembles as he holds the carving-knife. Mother is at the foot of the table pouring out the tea and doing other *little things. Jennie—our little Jen*nie, we still call her—has the place on the right hand of papa. He has *taken greatly to Jennie of late*, as it seems to him that through her he can see his wronged son. We children are scattered around in our usual places. All is ready.

Now papa bows his head to ask the blessing; hush! his trembling voice is heard: "Heavenly Father, we ask thy blessing on this, the birthday of thy Son and our Redeemer. May thy blessing rest on the heads of those now present around this board. One year ago to-day we were all here to receive thy blessing, but to-day there *is one missing, one gone from* our home, who we ask thee to guide him back to—"

Just at that moment the sitting-room door opened quietly, and George, our good brother George, entered with the words, "You are wrong, father. We are all here to-night."

It is needless to say that the interrupted blessing was postponed for a while; that when it was again pronounced, it was worded differently. And our home was again blessed with a full board, and no vacant chair.—C. F. MERRILL, in the New Moon.

## Christmas Cross.

A pleasing and easily arranged substitute for a tree is a cross. This is arranged by making a rough cross out of pine planks or boards securely fastened to a flat base. Cover the cross heavily with evergreen, and place the monogram I. H. S. in large gilt or white letters at the center. Hang gifts on the front of the cross by use of screw-hooks, and suspend them from the back from common nails. A row of candles across the arms and top of the cross is effective; and, if incandescent light is to be obtained, a most brilliant effect is produced by putting a complete border of bright lights around the cross; and even this effect is intensified by having the lights in different colored globes. The cross is especially appropriate for Christmas exercises, and the programme should be arranged with reference to that fact.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said the Christmas turkey, as a cyclone whirled him from under the farmer's uplifted hatchet into the next county.

## STRANGE TALES.

The saloons of Plainfield, N. J., were closed evenings so as not to interfere with a church "revival."

A man recently paid at Detroit for shelter at the county house afforded him fifty years ago when he was sick and destitute.

At Holly Springs, Ga., a dog fell into a well and stayed there fourteen days before his owner found him. He was *taken out and is doing well.*

Charles Youngberger of Clinton, Iowa, fell from his wagon on some sawdust, *a distance of two feet*, breaking his neck and causing instant death.

A farmer at Lafayette, Ore., claimed an offset against his assessment on account of indebtedness. The indebtedness proved to be delinquent taxes.

The papers give a somewhat fishy story of a tree in Georgia to which its owner deeded the land on which it stood as well as itself—in order that it should not be cut down.

A blind old soldier, asking for alms at a Manchester, England, church door, had a board hung round his neck inscribed as follows: "Engagements, 6; wounds, 10; children, 8; total, 24."

Several Japanese editors have been sentenced to four years' imprisonment with hard labor for speaking disre*spectfully of the Emperor Jimmu, who,* if he ever existed, lived about 600 years ago.

Many natives in India still believe that the land is governed by one Jan Kumpani Bahadur, or "Big Chief John company," who is supposed to be the husband of her majesty the Queen Empress.

Among the early English patents is an amusing one granted in 1632 for "a fish call, or a looking glass for fishes in the sea, very useful for the fishers to call all kinds of fishes to their nets, spears or hooks."

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

Congressman-elect Jerry Simpson, in an appropriate note of thanks to the *proprietors of the woolen mills at Fort* Scott, Kan., acknowledged the "recote of a beautiful pair of woolen sox."

A Boston woman has cured herself of a bad case of dyspepsia by the use of tobacco. Boston women are certainly original. No one else would have thought of such a cure for dyspepsia.

Daniel Lamont is authority for the statement that there is no organized efforst to promote Mr. Cleveland's Presidential candidacy, and that there have been no conferences or any con*sulutations in that behalf.*

Edward Atkinson uttered an epigram that deserves a long life when he said: "*There are two things needed in these* days: First, for rich men to find out how poor men live, and, second, for poor men to know how rich men work."

The New York Herald promises, if Congress will appoint a committee to investigate the manner in which the work of the census bureau was done, to place such facts and figures before it that each particular hair will stand on end.

They are having good times in Kansas. "It took five bushels of corn to get into a circus in Kansas in the autumn of 1889," says the Wichita Eagle. "This autumn you can get into *the main tent, stay to the concert,* go to the side show and get a picture of the Cirassian beauty all for a bushel."

### The Attitude of Lard Compound Manufacturers towards the Question of Pure Food.

The parties who are interested in the manufacture of this sweet and wholesome edible fat do not oppose any general bill designed to prevent adulteration and to insure the proper labeling of food products so that the purchaser cannot be deceived, or to any bill designed to regulate the entire subject of lard and equivalent cooking fats so that the purchaser may know what substances are used in his kitchen and that that which is sold to him is *what he wishes to buy.*

They are naturally and reasonably opposed to any legislation which singles out one product for condemnation, tax, license or suspicion. It is not *fair that one article should be made the subject of* invidious distinction and singled out for Government regulation more than another; in fact, they are willing to ride in any boat which the packers will get into themselves, but are unwilling to have the packers build the boat for them which they refuse to enter themselves. Who can blame them?

The refiners have acted in the fairest manner possible. Every bit of Lard Compound which they make is so branded that there is no attempt to deceive or to sell it for what it is not. The fact is, that the real object of the Conger Bill is not to protect the consumer, but to destroy competition *and the sooner the eyes of the people are opened* to this incontrovertible fact, the better it will be for them. If they are indifferent to this matter, the first thing they know, this article, which keeps the packers' product down to a reasonable price, will be withdrawn from the market, and then the packers will dictate prices.

The backers of this Bill want Lard Compound branded, so as to show what it is made of. This is quite right provided the packer will do the same, so that if a man wants leaf lard, he will be able to get it, if he calls for it. If he wants ordinary lard, he should get that. If gut lard suits his palate, it should be branded so that he may know it. If he wants to eat grease, he can do that, but let everything be branded so that he may know what he is eating.

*There is no protection against imposition in the* general lard business and there is no doubt but that such ingredients form a large proportion of so-called pure lard.

*To sum up*, the packer and farmer are naturally and commercially antagonistic and must, in the nature of things, remain so as the sellers and buyers of farm products. Therefore, when the packer most pretends to be the farmer's friend, the farmer should be most alert in trying to discover the object of such manifestations of friendship.

### A Courteous Retort.

A good illustration of "the retort courteous" was given to Count Herbert Bismarck, the rough-and-rude son of Prince Bismarck, on the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to Rome. At the railway station Count Herbert pushed rudely against an Italian dignitary, who was watching the proceeding. The dignitary, greatly incensed, remonstrated forcibly against such unceremonious treatment, whereupon Count Herbert turned around haughtily and said:

"I don't think you know who I am. I am Count Herbert Bismarck."

"That," replied the Italian, bowing politely, "as an excuse, is insufficient but as an explanation it is ample.—*Life.*

Deafness Can't Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the *mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube.* When the tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the *inflammation* can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
*Sold by druggists, 75 cents.*

## NOTES ABOUT ROYALTY.

The elder sons of Prince Albert have learned enough of masonry to be able to build a small pavilion.

The Queen of Roumania carries a gold cigarette case attached to her chatelain and smokes whenever she feels like it.

Grand Duke Nicholas is about to be transferred from Yalta to his residence in St. Petersburg. His doctors declare *that he is incurably insane.*

The little son who has just been born to the Princess Sophie of Greece has al*ready been photographed in order* that his portrait may be placed in one of the two bracelets always worn by Victoria.

*Prince Maximillian,* nephew of the Grand Duke of Baden, will shortly be betrothed to Princess Victoria Louisa of Schleswig-Holstein-Souderbourg-Augustenborg, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who has recently begged to be received back in favor with the Queen, has petitioned her to restore to him his grand cross of the star of India, which he returned once in anger.

The Princess Letitia, the late Amadeo's *widow, is living in Rome. She is* very young herself, and was opposed to marrying her old uncle, and only did so at the *instance of her mother, who* wished to please her favorite brother.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria feels very proud of *his new recruit*, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who lately joined the Austrian army with the rank of Colonel. Von Moltke pronounces Alexander one of the best strategists of Europe.

The Prince of Wales has been exceedingly unfortunate in his turf speculations this season, and has in fact lost a good deal of money; £4,000 *went at Goodwood alone*, and it is not obscurely hinted that the favor bestowed on Baron de Hirsch has a more substantial consideration than mere friendship for the Jewish Baron.

The German Empress wears jackets and dresses with a liberal display of braid, not only because of their beauty but she hopes by popularizing the fashion to compel manufacturers to give employment to large numbers of expert needle-women who are now unemployed or working for low wages at less intricate work.

If it is true that philosophers are wise men, then Dr. Bull, of Cough Syrup fame, *must have been one of the greatest of philosophers.*

How to mark table linen—Upset the gravy.

An exchange states that the male wasp does not sting. Before investigating the truth of this assertion, we would advise our readers to secure a bottle of Salvation Oil.

Mr. Youngman (after long thought)—"Is there any way to find out what a woman thinks of you without proposing?" Mr Benedict (absently)—"Yes; make her mad."—*Good News.*

Pure soap is white. Brown soaps are adulterated with rosin. Perfume is only put in to hide the presence of putrid fat. Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure, white, and unscented. Has been sold since 1865. Try it now.

Judge—"You robbed your benefactor in amost shameful way. Do you feel no compunctions of conscience?" Defendant—"*Before answering, sir, I would like to* consult my counles."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The shortest joke often makes the longest run.

You may be a good man and yet not be good for much.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

The boy who expects to be a great man must try to be a man first.—Texas Siftings.

*Alexander's Detective Agency, 181 W. Madison St., Chicago.* All kinds of detective work done in the most satisfactory manner. All communications strictly private.

"Good gracious, Fritz, where have you been?" "I fell into the canal, papa." "And with your new trousers on!" "No; I had just time to take them off before I fell in."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Kate—"No, I can't bear that McMasher." Aunt Jane—"Why not? I'm sure he's a man of good habits." Kate—"That may be, aunt; but for all that I detest him! He is so—so ladylike!"

St. Jacobs Oil
CURES
BRUISES,
FROST-BITES,
INFLAMMATIONS
—AND ALL—
HURTS AND ILLS
OF MAN AND BEAST.

DRINK
LION
COFFEE
A True Combination of MOCHA, JAVA and RIO.
Picture Card Given
With every pound package. For Sale everywhere. Woolson Spice Co., Toledo, O.

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*Help yourself* if you're a suffering woman, with the medicine that's been prepared especially to help you—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will do it where others fail. For all the diseases peculiar to the sex—dragging-down pains, displacements, and other weaknesses, it's a *positive* remedy. It means a new life, and a longer one, for every delicate woman. In every case for which it's recom*mended, it gives satisfaction.* It's *guaranteed* to do so, or the money is refunded.

It improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, produces refreshing sleep, dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both flesh and *strength*. It is a legitimate *medicine*—not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to sour or ferment in the stomach and cause distress. As *peculiar* in its marvelous, remedial results as in its composition. Therefore, don't be put off with *some* worthless compound easily, but dishonestly, recommended to be "just as good."

DR. OWEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT
With Double Wire Suspensory.
PATENTED AUG. 16, 1887. IMPROVED JULY 29, 1890.

DR. OWEN'S ELECTRO-GALVANIC BODY BELT AND SUSPENSORY will cure, all Rheumatic Complaints, Lumbago, General and Nervous Debility, Costiveness, Kidney Diseases, Nervousness, Trembling, Sexual Exhaustion, Wasting of body, Diseases caused by Indiscretions in Youth, Age, Married or Single Life.

SENT TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES FOR CERTAIN COMPLAINTS ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

Also an Electric Truss and Belt Combined.

Send 8c. postage for FREE illustrated book, 256 pages, which will be sent you in plain sealed envelope. Mention this paper. Address

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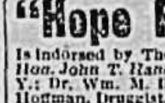
Discoverer of "HOPE FOR THE BALD." [Trade Mark.] Hair Restorer and Retainer. Pamphlet of Information and Testimonials mailed on receipt of stamp.

"Hope For The Bald"

Is indorsed by The Albany, (N. Y.) Chemical Co.; Hon. John T. Ranson, (Ex-Mayor) Gloversville, N. Y.; Dr. Wm. M. Davis, Gloversville, N. Y.; F. W. Hoffman, Druggist, Albany, N. Y., and many prominent physicians throughout the country who have tested its value. Price $1 per bottle or six bottles for $5, by express. Address PROF. S. V. R. FORD, No. 46 North Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y. *Special price to the Trade.*

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.
THIS NEW
ELASTIC TRUSS
Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with Self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the cup presses back the intestines just as a person does with the finger. With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. EGGLESTON MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.



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$200.00 TO $300.00
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Confidential cases a specialty.

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PISO'S CURE FOR
Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS

*Beautiful Lamps, Sets of dishes, Fancy Crockery, Plush sets, Albums, Plush Caps, Silk Mufflers and Handkerchiefs, in great variety and Lowest Prices, at C. O. Foltz, Antioch, Ills.*

THE ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.
SILVER LAKE CLIPPER.
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE.
WAINESVILLE WEEKLY BLADE.
$1. PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
—PUBLISHED BY—
**J. J. BURKE,**
From the Press of the Antioch News.

Advertisers will find the above four leading weeklies, the best Advertising medium, in Northern Illinois.

RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.
Address the Publisher, at Antioch, Illinois.

Col. Kirby, the new Farmers Alliance Senator from South Carolina, will be the youngest Senator when he takes his seat. He is only 36 years old.

A cork rope is one of the latest inventions. It is claimed by its inventor that a strand one inch thick will stand a strain of 1,000 pounds. It might be used to pull the World's Fair out of the hole.

Senator Squire, who was chairman of the Congressional Committee that went to the *Pacific coast to investigate*, says the law against Chinese immigration is all right, but too small a force of men is employed to enforce it.

The free coinage men are certainly making themselves heard in Congress, *if they don't do any thing* else; but it is confidently believed that a bill embodying that idea will be passed during the present session even if it does meet with a veto at the White House.

According to Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, who is just from home, the Indian scare is chargable to the greed of "space" writers and the inclination of eastern editors to purchase and print all the sensational matter offered to them, without regard to its truthfulness.

Senators were approached last week and asked if they were willing to pledge themselves not to offer a free coinage amendment to a bill authorizing the purchase of all the silver bullion now stored in the United States, but they refused to do so; and it will not be at all surprising if the administration finds itself in the lurch after all on this question.

Representative Geary, of California, has introduced a bill providing stringent regulations for the naturalization of foreigners. It provides for the advertisment of all applications, and for the examination on the history of the United States, the Federal constitution and the constitution of the states in which the applicant resides.

The fact, that Grand Master Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, addressed the National convention of the Farmers Alliance seems to have been the cause of considerable anxiety on the part of some of the professional politicians. Keep your [illegible]es on gentlemen; and it will al[illegible] in order to have a life preserver [illegible]. There is no telling how [illegible] the water may rise in '92.

[illegible] master General in his [illegible] strongly recommends [illegible]graph scheme; he also [illegible] cent postage is desir[illegible] not to be given the [illegible] it would create a [illegible] in the postal reven[illegible] [illegible]rt of argument is [illegible]dedly chestnutty; [illegible] two cent postage [illegible] became too [illegible]s, and so it [illegible] one cent [illegible] le will have [illegible]

[illegible] pretending [illegible] to the [illegible] necessary to [illegible] of the new [illegible] effect a sale. If [illegible] does not happen to have [illegible] copies on hand, they (the [illegible]) will obligingly obtain them. [illegible]t convenient to send the full [illegible]unt then the patentee should re[illegible] say $9 in part payment for the [illegible]ies, on receipt of which amount [illegible] sellers pretend they will go ahead [illegible]d sell the patent. Many patentees [illegible] thus duped. They send the [illegible] way, the sellers put it in their [illegible] and that is what they live [illegible] *American.*

Secretary Windom is willing and even anxious that Congress shall authorize him to put $30,000,000 in immediate circulation by purchasing additional silver, and Mr. Harrison has also become converted, and will send in a special message this week recommending that some such legislation be adopted by Congress. This change of opinion, which doubtless would have greatly surprised either of the gentlemen a month ago, is easily accounted for. The Senators and Representatives who favor free coinage have shown a disposition to overthrow party lines—they are in both parties—take the bit in their mouths and pass a free coinage bill, whether it pleases the party leaders or not. This, Mr. Harrison and Secretary Windom are both very much opposed to; hence their propposition to increase the money in circulation by other methods.

## COUNTY SEAT ITEMS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Dr. Barney has returned from Cincinnatti.

*The new planing mills of Dow &* Co. are in operation.

Prof. Guber, the musician will again reside here.

The Waukegan Street Railway Company are arranging for lines in our city.

*Our churches have arranged for* holiday entertainments.

The old Waukegan Orchestra will give a Grand Ball Dec. 25th.

A. R. Douglas is completing arrangements for a fife and drum company here.

*Hon. B. H. Campbell*, who disappeared a few weeks ago has not been heard from yet.

C. T. Heydecker has been in Iowa on business connected with the Modern Woodmen of America.

The latest artisian well sunk here is pronounced to be the best. Water was found at a depth of 1,800 feet.

It is reported by good authority that over 150 buildings have been put up or finished in this city during the year.

The senior class of the high school gave a very interesting entertainment in the high school rooms Friday evening.

Mr. G. M. *Pedley*, of Waukegan, was married to Miss Dora Hollister of Barrington Dec. 16th. They will make their home here.

The new sub-division on the south side has been named Brighton and the first day that lots were offered for sale fifteen were sold.

Miss Dr. Abbie C. Tyler, who was a practicing physician here for several years has completed a visit to Waukegan friends and has returned to Washington.

With their usual energy, Wood & Kent have been *making more* improvements. This time it is the meat department that has received attention, more room being necessary to accommodate their large trade.

S. H. Bradbury, Editor of the Lake County *Patriot*, and Robert Prichard of Racine have established a steam laundry in the *Patriot* building on the second floor. They will be prepared to do first class work about Jan. 1st.

The Northwestern Railroad has expended $15,000 at this place this year in the way of improvements, consisting of an extension of track, a new turn table, round house, and cattle yards. The Elgin, Joliet & Eastern R. R. has expended equally as much in similar improvements, including the erection of a new depot.

The city had arranged to pay the expense of moving the shops of the Safe & Lock Co. from Chicago to this city which would amount to about $3,000. An order had been drawn for $3000 and given to the Mayor until the money should be needed. Since work has been suspended on the Waukegan buildings a special meeting has been called and the money placed back in the city treasury.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
GENERAL LAND OFFICE.
*Washington, D. C. Dec. 6, 1890.*

Public notice is hereby given under Section 2455, and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of May 7, 1890, that Watts Island, in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45 north, range 9 east, Third Principal Meridian, Illinois, containing 17.75 acres, will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., on Saturday January 24, 1891, at eleven o'clock, A. M. The offering and sale will be made subject to the rights of William Watts, the applicant for the survey of the Island to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff,
*Commissioner and ex-officio Register and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.*

**MISS ADDIE SHAFFER,**
Invites the Ladies of Antioch and vicinity to call and inspect her new line of
**WINTER MILLINERY.**
Prices Always Reasonable.
Everything New and of the Latest Styles.
Shop in Foltz' Store,
ANTIOCH, -:- ILLINOIS.

E. H. AMES,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at Residence,
*ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.*

—FOR—
**Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.**
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Slotches, and all difficulties arising from Impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the* JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y. *Sure Cure for Hog Cholera.* FULLER & FULLER, General Western Agents, Chicago, Ill.

A. Chinn, *Auctioneer.* J. J. Burke, *Justice.*
**Chinn & Burke,**
**REAL-ESTATE,**
*LOANS AND INVESTMENTS.*

We have for sale a number of desirable Residences', lots and farms in and around Antioch, and will attend to all matters pertaining to the renting, sale and transfer of the same.

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT,
on real-estate and other good security.
INVESTMENTS MADE,
Rents etc. Collected on small commision.

Call in and see us in regard to Investments of all kinds, and learn what we can do for you in this line. Let us hear from you if you wish to buy, sell, let or rent buildings or real-estate of any kind.

*Yours for Business,*
CHINN & BURKE,
ANTIOCH, - - ILL.

**JOB WORK**
NEATLY DONE
AT THIS OFFICE.

*Mrs. J. A. Turner,*
—DEALER IN—
*LADIES FURNISHING GOODS,*
WOOL AND MERINO UNDERWEAR,
RIBBONS LACES, HANDKERCHIEFS,
HOSIERY, NOTIONS ETC.
All goods selected with care and sold
AT LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.
CALL AND SEE ME.
Store in Rogers' building, on Lake Ave.,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

**NEW FIRM!**
MONTGOMERY & STORY.
NEW GOODS,
—AND—
**NEW PRICES.**
Call and examine our fine line of
GROCERIES
—AND—
**: PROVISIONS :**
HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER & EGGS.
MONTGOMERY & STORY,
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**B No. 9.**
**BEST 50 cent JAPAN ON EARTH.**
**Pure in quality, Delicious flavor.**
EVERY POUND GUARANTEED. SAMPLES FREE,
COULD YOU ASK ANY MORE?
—SOLD ONLY BY—
**MONTGOMERY & STORY,**
ANTIOCH, - - - ILLINOIS.

**A SAFE AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT!**
*A Well Conducted Building and Loan Association*
*is a safe and profitable investment for monthly savings, but valueless*
AS AN INCOME INVESTMENT.
**The Illinois Building and Improvement Co., of Chicago,**
is a pioneer Company in conducting its business on the plan of paying the profits to investors in Semi-Annual dividends, instead of hoarding -:- the profits eight or nine years to mature the stock. -:-
The investments of this Company are of the same character as ordinary Building Associations, and largely confined to Cook County,
MAKING AN ABSOLUTELY SAFE INVESTMENT.
A FEW MORE SHARES WILL BE SOLD AT PAR, INTEREST ALLOWED FROM DATE OF FIRST PAYMENT.
-:- This Stock is an excellent investment for limited amounts of Trust Funds. -:-
For particulars etc., Address: H. DELANY, *Vice Pres., and Manager,*
218 LA SALLE STREET, - - - CHICAGO, ILL.

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MEN Who have weak or UNDEVELOPED, or diseased organs, who are suffering from ERRORS OF YOUTH and any Excesses, or of MEN Who are NERVOUS and IMPOTENT, the scorn of their fellows and the contempt of friends and companions, leads us to guarantee to all patients, if they can POSSIBLY BE RESTORED, our own Exclusive method and appliances will afford a CURE! There is, then,

REAL HOPE FOR YOU AND YOURS.

Don't brood over your condition, nor give up in despair! Thousands of the Worst Cases have yielded to our HOME TREATMENT, as set forth in our WONDERFUL BOOK, which we send sealed, post paid, FREE, for a limited time. GET IT TO-DAY. Remember, no one else has the methods, appliances and experience that we employ, and we claim the MONOPOLY OF UNIFORM SUCCESS. ERIE MEDICAL CO., 64 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**2,000 References. Name this paper when you write.**

*Best Teas and Coffees in Town.*

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| 15½ lbs. Granulated Sugar, | $1,00. |
| 20 lbs. Brown Sugar, | $1,00. |
| Best Raisins, | 11c ℔ lb. |
| Burlington Full Cream Cheese | 12c ℔ lb. |
| Mixed Nuts, | 25c ℔ lb. |
| Choice Mixed Candy, | 18c ℔ lb. |
| Cranberries, | 10c ℔ qt. |

*Oranges, Apples,*
*Best of everything in Can Goods.*
**OYSTERS,**
*SWEET POTATOES & ONIONS,*
AND ALL THE GOOD THINGS
THAT GO TO MAKE UP A MENU,
FOR A GOOD
CHRISTMAS DINNER,
—AT—
C. O. FOLTZ,
ANTIOCH, - - ILL.

**BOYS SUITS,**
**$1,00, $1,50, $2,25.**
**A Line of Pants,**
**$2,50,**
REDUCED FROM $3,00 AND $3,50.

Every-thing we have in
Cheap Suits & Overcoats,
are good honest Goods,
and well made.

*It is well known*
*that there is nothing near*
*that compares with*
*our stock of fine suits, fine*
*Overcoats & ladies Cloaks.*

IF YOU WANT AN HONEST
ARTICLE, GET IT AT
**C. O. FOLTZ,**

KEROSENE OIL, 11c.

**FOR THE HOLIDAYS!**
DONT MISS YOUR CHRISTMAS OYSTERS,
AS WE EXPECT A BIG SUPPLY AND TO BE ABLE TO SELL AT OLD TIME PRICES, 35 CENTS A QUART.
**Cranberries per quart 10 cents.**
**20 pounds fine yellow Sugar, $1,00.**
**15¾ pounds Granulated Sugar, $1,00.**
Do you want a pair of Bobs or a swell-body Cutter?
—A LARGE STOCK OF—
**Gloves and Mittens, German Socks,**
**Felts and Rubber Goods.**
DONT FORGET TO ASK FOR OUR
**ELEGANT SEAL PLUSH CAPS.**
A large line of Holiday Goods.
COME EARLY AND SECURE BEST SELECTIONS.
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